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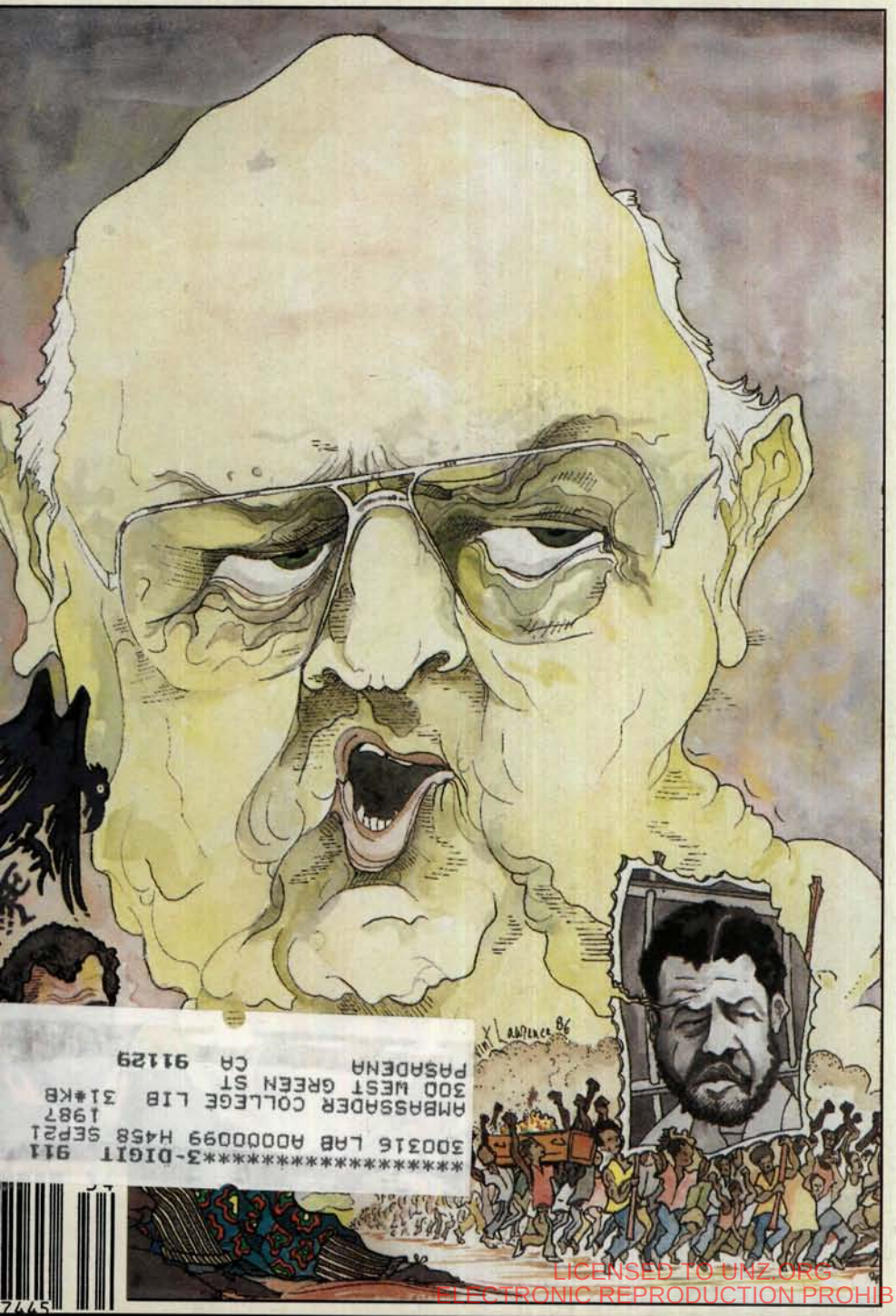

South Africa Sticking Points

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Steven Mufson

What sort of sanctions?
The Editors

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,736

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

THE REHNQUIST COVER-UP

> What really hurts in matters of this sort is not the fact that they occur, because overzealous people . . . do things that are wrong. What really hurts is if you try to cover it up.
> —Richard Nixon

The Reagan administration makes a great point of taking the Constitution literally. But when it comes to the three words "Advice and Consent," which describe the Senate's assigned role in the selection of judges, Reaganites go all fancy and interpretive. "Advice and Consent" doesn't really mean advice and consent, they say. These words must be understood in their historical context to mean that the Senate's duty is to ascertain that the nominee isn't brain-dead.

The administration position is that the president may consider ideology in nominating judges but the Senate can't consider ideology in granting its consent. But ideology isn't the administration's only consideration. It also looks for relative youth. While making the small-"d" democratic argument that a president who won a majority in 49 states is entitled to carry out his mandate (the Senate, by the way, won a majority in all 50 states), the administration, just to be safe, looks for judges who will still be around even when that democratic mandate disappears.

And now, as the nomination of William Rehnquist for chief justice runs into a bit of trouble, the administration is discovering a new advantage of younger judges: they have no history. The important issue, though, isn't what Rehnquist may have done many years ago, but what he says about it now.

Ten people have told the FBI they saw Rehnquist challenging or harassing minority voters during elections in the early 1960s. Four of them testified to the Senate Judiciary Committee, and their stories couldn't be shaken. (Several other people testified that they hadn't seen Rehnquist harassing voters, as if that proves anything. I didn't see him do it either.)

Rehnquist doesn't deny supervising voter challenges as a young Republican activist. But he told the Senate during his first Supreme Court confirmation in 1971 that he never "harassed or intimidated" voters and did not "personally engage in challenging the qualifications of any voters" between 1958 and 1968. He now concedes that this was an evasion—he might have challenged voters in 1954. But he stands by his assertion that he did not personally "challenge" voters during the later years and never "harassed or intimidated" them. One further twist: he does "not recall" approaching voters and demanding proof of literacy during the later years, leaving the possibility that he may have done this but doesn't feel it counts as a "challenge."

Challenging the literacy and other qualifications of people standing in line to vote was not illegal before the Civil Rights Act of 1964, though harassing them was. And having participated in such challenges is no proof of racial bigotry. It was all part of the rough-and-tumble of local politics in those days. Rehnquist could have explained this, and conceded that it looks worse in the clarity of hindsight than it did at the time. But instead he took refuge in technical evasions at best or simple lies—under oath—at worst.

Another problem for Rehnquist is the memo he wrote in 1952 as a young clerk for Justice Robert Jackson urging that racial segregation not be ruled unconstitutional—as it was two years later in the great case of *Brown v. Board of Education*. Rehnquist claims that the memo—written in the first person—was actually a reflection of Jackson's views, not his own. This would be implausible enough even without the recollection of fellow clerks that Rehnquist took the same position in cafeteria bull sessions.

Once again, having held this opinion in 1952 hardly puts Rehnquist beyond the pale today, or makes him a racist even in hindsight. Ending segregation by federal judicial fiat was a big step. The very fact that *Brown* was a landmark decision demonstrates that opposition to it was a respectable view at the time, even if history has proved this opposition profoundly wrong. But rather than admit that he was wrong, Rehnquist has chosen to dissemble—that is, to lie.

These two apparent lies (plus another suspicious bit of forgetfulness about memos he wrote as a Nixon Justice Department official) are troubling for the obvious reason, and for a less obvious one. Obviously, honesty is an important qualification for any high office, especially the Supreme Court. The intellectual honesty of justices is tested every time they make a decision. Are they attempting to apply neutral principles of the law, or are they simply choosing the result they prefer? The Reagan administration, and conservatives generally, have put special emphasis on demanding this particular form of honesty from judges. Yet justices, once confirmed, can't be fired for mere failures of intellectual integrity. Indeed, they can't even be questioned about their records except under unusual circumstances like the present ones.

Rehnquist's small lies also cast a shadow over the larger issue of whether he is acceptably within the current national consensus on matters such as race. The *Washington Post* editorialized on August 5 that the major accusations against Rehnquist "can be overcome by a firm declaration that the nominee—like many other public figures—has changed with the times." Rehnquist's crumbling attempt to cover up rather than make such a declaration inevitably raises the suspicion that he has *not* changed with the times.

Thanks to a Supreme Court case of 1948, the racial covenants attached to Rehnquist's two houses are not enforceable. But the William Rehnquist of 1948 might well have felt (as did many at the time) that this decision was too great an interference with private property. Thanks to the 1964 Civil Rights Act, election-day voter challenges of the kind Rehnquist at least supervised are no longer permitted. But the Bill Rehnquist of 1964 undoubtedly opposed the Civil Rights Act (as did the man who nominated him, President Reagan).

"Imagine," said Senator Kennedy at Rehnquist's confirmation hearing, "what America would be like if Mr. Rehnquist had been chief justice and his cramped and narrow view of the Constitution had prevailed in the critical years since World War II." It's a fair point. To rebut it will require more frankness than Rehnquist has supplied so far. His petty dissembling doesn't really hide what his behavior and opinions were like back then. What he's covering up is whether he's changed his mind.

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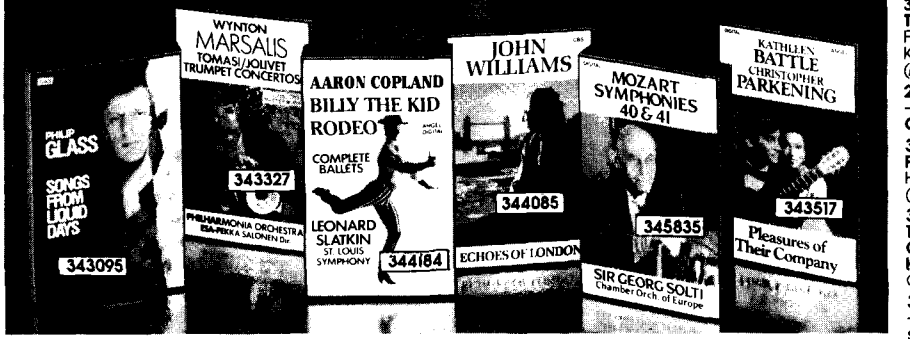

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HAND COUNT

To the editors:
In two pieces ("Age of Celebritics," February 24, and "Hand Jive," June 16), you've expressed serious criticism of the Hands Across America event.

I agree that "Democrats and liberals should . . . channel the amorphous goodwill that was so evident" and that "a new war on poverty needs to be launched by our elected leaders." But an event such as Hands Across America clearly creates a constituency for such action.

You have ignored that it is Hands Across America which has brought attention to these issues. This was its purpose: to focus national attention on these issues and generate public awareness and pressure as a starting point toward their ultimate solution.

Moreover, you have misstated the facts regarding the physical success of the event. You indicate that "HAA failed dismally in its attempt to reach its goal of five million participants." Official figures compiled from reliable sources including state highway patrols indicate at least five and a half million people participated in the line.

Please read the *Hands Across America* book, look at the photographs, and study the material by 40 or so independent writers from respected publications. Then please correct the untrue impression you have left that Hands Across America was in some way a failure. You are the ones attempting to create an untrue perception, and in doing so you invalidate the very real and valuable points you have to make.

KEN KRAGEN
Kragen and Company
Los Angeles, California

To the editors:
Your June 16 editorial criticizing Hands Across America raised legitimate points, but missed the overall importance of the event.

To argue that HAA "failed dismally" because less than five million people participated is silly. On May 25 Americans said "no" to hunger in the world's wealthiest nation. Neither the number of people nor the amount of money raised are as important as the national sentiment expressed. Probably the largest demonstration in U.S. history, HAA told public officials that we expect leadership on the problem of hunger in America.

HAA was a beginning rather than an end, and it should be lauded for giving the nation an opportunity to say that we expect public policies as good as our people.

J. LARRY BROWN
Chairman, Physician Task Force
on Hunger in America
Boston, Massachusetts

The editors reply:
About Mr. Kragen's crowd estimates: his organization says there were 250,000 participants in "Hands" in Washington, D.C. Local and Park police put the crowd at "closer to 100,000," according to the *Washington Post*. We suggest applying this ratio as a sort of Hollywood Hype Deflator to the other estimates that make up Mr. Kragen's five and a half million.

OVERDOSE REACTION

To the editors:
TRB's column in the July 7 issue ("Doctor Overdose"), though accurate in a number of points, distorts the problem.

Let us agree that the AMA has reacted too little and too late. As a quasi-political organization, it must respond to the needs of its constituency, doctors. But, whether due to better communication or plain consumerism, the medical profession is being forced to become more responsive to the public's needs.

It was decided that a shortage of physicians in the poverty and rural sections could be managed by increasing the numbers of medical school graduates. But like those who preceded them, the new doctors wanted to practice in urban areas. The result has been a glut of urban specialists.

TRB indicates an understanding that supply and demand functions differently in medical economics. Physicians have significant control of their income. As costs increase with fewer patients per doctor, the most ethical increase their fees in an attempt to maintain their income. A smaller portion, about 15 percent, expose their patients to unnecessary procedures. From 1965 to 1984, as the population increased by approximately 20 percent, the number of operations increased by more than 300 percent.

Some of these problems may be controlled. But the socialization of medicine by removing all incentives has been repeatedly shown to yield a lower standard of medical care. That may be necessary and acceptable as long as we understand the consequences.

The AMA realizes that if the status quo continues, there is no way we can continue to pay for private care. Without controls, we will ultimately end up with government medicine. Though the AMA's goal is to save the present system, you have taken it to task unfairly. If it is unsuccessful, the health of our nation will take a major step back.

HERBERT H. KEYSER, M.D.
San Antonio, Texas

VIETNAM REVISITED

To the editors:
Paul Berman's review of *Brothers in Arms* ("Thanks for the Memory," July 7) is about as snide as a review can get. His last paragraph starts, "He can get pretty foolish, Broyles can," and ends with the thought that its scant reference to sex in Vietnam might be the most important content of the book.

As evidence continues to pile up showing that the North Vietnamese were not good guys at all but real oppressors, the members of the old war protest movement become more ingenious in their put-downs of those who fought.

Had Berman, like so many of the "protesters," used the point that the North Vietnamese position was morally superior to ours? That, after the re-education (concentration) camps, persecuted boat people, and the invasion of Cambodia, is getting hard to sell, so now the ploy for self-justification seems to be to sneer. In doing so Berman puts down a good, honest man, who has written a book that catches honestly, and poignantly, the feelings of many of us who fought in a war we felt to be morally justified but abominably managed.

JOHN WATKINS
Vashon, Washington

SATURDAY NIGHT

To the editors:
Red Skelton's Freddie the Freeloader was "rubbish." Carol Burnett's washerwoman was "ignorant." Bill Cosby's Old Weird Harold was both black and, more than likely, somewhat mentally infirm.

The difference between them and the characters portrayed on "Saturday Night Live" ("Samurai Snobs," July 28) is that we somehow ended up

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
AUGUST 25, 1986

THE COSBY SANCTION

One of the most vital imports South Africa gets from the United States is a television program: "The Cosby Show." Cosby is the most popular program on South African TV. Next come "Dallas," "Golden Girls," "Dynasty," "Murder She Wrote," "Winds of War," and "The A-Team." If the intent of sanctions against South Africa is to communicate outrage at apartheid, and to do so in a way that puts more pressure on whites than on blacks, then why not impose a ban on the export of American TV shows to South Africa? Switching off American TV would demonstrate American feeling to whites in a direct, personal way, and it would hurt them much more than it would hurt blacks. Nearly 94 percent of white homes have sets, compared to only 22 percent of black homes.

With the total collapse of the Reagan administration's policy of "constructive engagement," sanctions against South Africa have become inevitable—a minimum condition for America to meet if its stance against apartheid is to be credible. In his July 22 speech on South Africa, however, President Reagan offered only ritualistic condemnation of apartheid—and no alternative to a policy that would include sanctions. Instead, he maintained his usual solicitude toward the "flawed" Afrikaner government. If the president hears an "emotional clamor" for sanctions, it is because his own halfhearted reproach of the racist white tribe has made it necessary for others to speak America's conscience—and to deny Pretoria the imprimatur of American acquiescence.

But we should be clear about what sanctions can and cannot accomplish. It is already very late to be debating them. The political situation in South Africa, never easy to affect from the outside, seems to be more resistant than ever to external pressures for reform. State President P. W. Botha has already thumbed his nose at the West, most recently in his hostile reception to British foreign secretary Geoffrey Howe. He has made it clear that the Afrikaners would rather go it alone than "commit national suicide."

There are also formidable practical obstacles to sanctions. South Africa has abundant natural resources. It has long pursued economic self-sufficiency in preparation for possible sanctions. A total boycott on trade and investment, such as the one called for in the sanctions bill that passed the House in June, is bound to be leaky. The porousness of existing embargoes on oil and arms proves just how resourceful the South Africans can be (and just how unprincipled many other countries can be) when it comes to shipping forbidden goods into South African ports. "There are always traders who will trade," a white banker recently told the *Wall Street Journal*—though it may mean dealing through phony companies or diverting goods through complaisant third countries.

Nevertheless, just because sanctions may be essentially a symbolic gesture doesn't mean that they are an empty gesture. To blacks, imposing sanctions is an offer of inclusion in the Western community, showing that the West recognizes the justice of the black grievance. Bishop Desmond Tutu's call for sanctions is a plea for just such inclusion. He and other South African moderates, both black and white, recognize that the West's best chance of keeping an eventual black government from tilting toward the

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Soviets is to make our moral leanings clear now.

Just as important is the message to whites. South African whites cherish the conceit that they belong to the Western community. And it's partly true—like Americans, they have a taste for VCRs, Toyotas, and buying on credit. But their political system profoundly separates them from the fundamental values that unite other Western nations. One goal of sanctions is to drive that point home: the whites won't be welcome among free people until they show some understanding of what freedom means. That's where the Cosby sanction comes in. Though it's possible that Dr. Heathcliffe Huxtable broadens the thinking of some Boers, Mr. T and J. R. Ewing probably do not. Let whites contemplate Dallas-less screens—and reflect on what they and their leaders have done to inspire so much revulsion around the world.

Our TV export ban is meant to be emblematic of an overall approach to sanctions that would emphasize steps that target the white government and white individuals. It could go well as an amendment to the sanctions bill that recently passed the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. That measure hits the white government by freezing the U.S. bank accounts of South African government or state-owned corporations and banning imports of goods that are produced by government-owned corporations. The bill targets white individuals by denying U.S. landing rights to South African airlines. The only South Africans who fly regularly to the United States are members of the white elite. They can get around the ban, but adding inconvenience would serve to remind them of American disapproval of their country's system. The Senate sanctions would be lifted if the South African government does three of the following: free jailed African National Congress leader Nelson Mandela, lift the state of emergency, legalize political parties, repeal the Group Areas Act, which keeps certain residential areas off-limits to blacks, and start negotiations with the black opposition. If Pretoria doesn't make progress toward ending apartheid in a year, additional sanctions could follow.

THE BILL INCLUDES a ban on bank loans to South Africa and on new investment in South Africa by American companies. The importance to Pretoria of American investment is only partly economic. New investment has already all but dried up—not for moral reasons, but for cold economic ones. Pretoria seeks it mainly as an endorsement of the claim that positive change can, and is, taking place in South Africa. Therefore, although the economic impact of a ban on new investment is probably not very great, the symbolic impact is powerful. Meanwhile, it's worth recalling that American companies don't automatically exert a progressive influence. Lately there's been a rush by U.S. firms to sign the Sullivan Principles, which require equal pay for equal work, desegregated working facilities, and management training for blacks. Still, only 199 American firms out of 284 subscribe, and some of them don't meet the highest standards of compliance. There's no reason all companies can't play by these basic rules of decency, and they should be required to do so.

Sanctions help return American policy to a course that reflects American values. But our policy will have to employ other means of moral suasion as well. We use every available opportunity to condemn the Soviet Union's human rights abuses, without much hope that our words will bring systemic change. But we speak out because we feel a duty to prevent Soviet evils from passing unchallenged, and to provide succor to those who oppose that system. The same sense of obligation should apply to our public posture on South Africa, especially since there is more chance there that our words can affect the direction change takes.

After President Reagan signs a sanctions bill, he could give collective recognition to the various representatives of South Africa's anti-apartheid movement. Secretary of State George Shultz recently expressed willingness to meet with Oliver Tambo, president of the ANC. President Reagan should do the same. Why not convene a Rose Garden meeting of all the leading figures in the South African opposition? The guest list should include: Tambo; Bishop Tutu (he's already been to the White House once); Alan Boesak of the United Democratic Front; Saths Cooper of the Azanian Peoples Organization; Gatsha Buthelezi of the Inkatha movement; and Helen Suzman of the Progressive Federal Party. Let them and other leading anti-apartheid activists, black and white, present their ideas for South Africa's future and their suggestions for how the United States could play a useful role. It's time we got constructively engaged with the right people.

MOROCCO SIROCCO

Normality in the Middle East. In Beirut, East and West are exchanging car bombs almost daily. In Libya, the colonel is still sulking in his tent, cowed by the American air raid, which, it was confidently predicted, was going to make him a hero in his own land and a legend in the Arab world. And Syria is methodically preparing for war against Israel.

Against this pastoral landscape, an odd flurry of activity in Morocco. The prime minister of Israel is received by the king of Morocco, a series of meetings is held, and a communiqué issued. This extraordinary event, with little issue but much meaning, says a lot about the state of play in the Middle East today.

Prime Minister Peres went primarily to help relieve some of Israel's isolation in the Arab world, hoping thereby to entice other Arabs, closer to Israel, to a table at which the issues would be concrete and obvious. No leader, except Egypt's (and these days not even Egypt's), is willing even to be seen in the same room as an Israeli. The photo opportunity and joint communiqué were diplomatic victories for Peres, although the content of the communiqué probably obscured the content of their discussions. In order to protect Hassan's already jeopardized position among the Ar-

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abs, Peres allowed the communiqué to say that the discussions focused on the moribund and regressive 1982 "Fez" formula for Middle East peace: establishing a PLO state on the West Bank, with Jerusalem as its capital, and for Israel nothing. (Westerners like to read into the text "implicit" recognition of Israel, an act of creative exegesis.) Peres also had a domestic motive for the meeting. A hug from Hassan means boosted Labor popularity with Israelis of Moroccan and North African origin, who make up a large Likud constituency.

Hassan's motives were equally mixed. He has been genuinely interested in seeing some kind of accommodation with Israel, having mediated some of the pre-Jerusalem Sadat meetings with Israelis in the '70s. Hassan is not a rejectionist. He is one of the few Arab leaders who would want to live in peace with a pre-'67 Israel. His motive was both to revive the Fez formula and to regain some favor in the United States after his recent "union" with Libya. That diplomatic bolt undermined his relations with the United States, although it relieved some of his problems with the Polisario forces in the Western Sahara, which had been supported by Libya, and whose abstention Hassan won with the union. (Jonathan Randal, the *Washington Post* correspondent in the Middle East, divines a further reason for Hassan's action: to keep him in good stead with Moroccan Jews. The myth of Jewish power has always been an attractive one for Randal, but this version, confusing Fez with Flatbush, goes a bit too far. Moroccan politicians—kings, in fact—don't particularly need the Jewish vote to make it in their country. They certainly don't need the favor of the 16,000 members of Morocco's protected, and yet extraordinarily vulnerable, Jewish community. They depend for their safety on the whim of the sovereign—not the reverse.)

The meeting did not accomplish anything substantive, but the animadversions on it are preposterous. There was no reason for Peres to make substantial concessions to somebody who could deliver exactly nothing in return. Hassan held out for an Arab consensus position that Peres, of course, had to turn down. But even that was too much for the Arab world. For merely talking to an Israeli, Syria instantly broke relations, West Beirut rose to sack the Moroccan Embassy, and other Arabs quickly distanced themselves from the episode. But Hassan is a brave and stubborn man. In resigning his leadership of the Arab League, he was telling his critics where to go. He knows what Arab unity does and does not mean.

How did America's great white hopes, Hussein of Jordan and the princes of Saudi Arabia, the perennial moderates who have done nothing for peace in 20 years, react? Silence.

We will be told not to worry. Jordan and Saudi Arabia don't mean it. They are too weak to stand up to Syrian pressure and to do or say otherwise. Call it cowardice or reasons of state. But it's worth remembering yet another example of Arab "moderate" unwillingness to encourage any steps toward peace. It will be worth remembering next time their supporters blame Israeli intransigence (or Likud militance, after this and other rebuffs of Labor moderation) for the moribund peace process. It will be worth remembering the next time King Hussein comes to the United States, lamenting the fact that yet another of his "last chance for peace" plays has passed. Where was he when the next to last one came his way?

THE SANDINISTA CHORUS

Representative Robert Garcia, Democrat of New York, has written to reproach us for charging—"hyperbolically," "unfairly," "ridiculously," "irrationally," he says—that there are people in the Democratic Party "who secretly support the Sandinistas" ("Democrats and Comandantes," TNR, July 28). He is wrong in his characterization of what we wrote. And we didn't allude to secret support, some of which doubtless does exist. There is, alas, quite enough open and brazen support for Sandinismo among official Democrats and in circles from which they draw support to be of note and concern.

On July 22, the very day Garcia's correspondence arrived, a revealing little document appeared in the *Washington Post*—a letter from Jesse Jackson, who commands significant backing in the party and whose whole political strategy has been to hold the party hostage to his views. The *Post*, it seems, had published a column by Carl Rowan alleging that Jackson's support for Daniel Ortega was really contingent on the "Sandinistas ceasing the oppression of the church and opening the doors to a free press." Jackson wrote to set the record straight. His support, he declared, is contingent on nothing. He compared Nicaragua's ruling junta to Abraham Lincoln, and its opponents to Nazi sympathizers. In both thrust and detail, Jackson's defense of the Sandinistas is identical to the old left's defenses of Stalinism and its successive acolytes in Cuba and Vietnam. "Nicaragua is under siege," he explains. Apparently it's *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*. But Nicaragua would not be under siege, least of all from its own people, had its government not embarked on the totalitarian program of capturing all of society—the church, the press, the market, the schools, the unions, and the different institutional arrangements treasured by the Indians, the campesinos, and the middle class—as instruments of the armed party that has become the state.

To the defense of this totalitarian design has come a group called the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, founded in 1951 as an alternative to the American Civil Liberties Union, which was considered insufficiently vigilant against McCarthyism. Its chairman is Corliss Lamont, and its general counsel is Leonard Boudin. These names may mean nothing to our younger readers. Lamont is known, if known at all, for his enormous wealth and faithful trouping behind the red flag virtually wherever and whenever it has been flown, from the cruelest years of Stalin's purges to this day. Boudin is a brilliant attorney who has won landmark civil liberties cases in the Supreme

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Court. But like the NECLC itself, his enthusiasm for the First Amendment is triggered primarily by threats to left-wing radicals in the United States (although he also has represented the Reverend Moon against a tax indictment). Radicals and dissidents in the communist and Third worlds do not even receive the cold compress of verbal sympathy. Like Lamont and the NECLC, Boudin has identified with their oppressors. This putative civil liberties militant is not embarrassed to serve as an attorney to such tyrannies as Cuba, Czechoslovakia, and Iran.

In a July 27 advertisement in the *New York Times*, the NECLC invokes international law on behalf of Nicaragua. The passion of Lamont, Boudin, and the NECLC for international law is a sometime thing. The NECLC didn't publish advertisements on behalf of national sovereignty and international law when the Soviets marched into insurgent Hungary in 1956, when they broke Czech socialism with a human face in 1968, when they launched their war against Afghanistan in 1979. This should tell us something about part of the Sandinista chorus in our country. It cares genuinely neither for liberties nor for law, but for the dictatorships and their cause.

There is a quite literal Sandinista chorus in the United States, the retro-folksinging trio of Peter, Paul, and Mary, a group also active in fund-raising for many important Democratic politicians. Recent pilgrims to the shrine of Sandinismo in Nicaragua and hosts of President Ortega during his July visit to New York (Jesse Jackson was his chaperon in Chicago last weekend), they have for months been humming and strumming a remarkably cacophonous hymn, lazily called "Nicaragua." Its aggressively credulous message about the revolution probably would not have passed the lips of even so genial a comrade as Pete Seeger, banjo Bolshevik extraordinaire, during his most exuberant Russophiliac period. The trio also sang this song at an anti-apartheid rally in Washington earlier this year. The freedom cause in South Africa deserves more discerning friends than those dewy-eyed apologists for dictatorship. When they visited El Salvador, they got all their information from the opposition. In Nicaragua they put themselves in the hands of Rosario Murillo, the president's wife and chief propagandist. No wonder they have become the court entertainers.

The serenading of tyrants is a particularly disgusting spectacle, so it is disheartening to learn that Peter Yarrow last week sang "If I Had a Hammer" to a wildly appreciative President Ortega. This is one of those verses Yarrow got many of us to sing along with him during anti-war demonstrations at which millions of Americans seemed persuaded that what Ho Chi Minh intended in his revolutionary war was the "freedom," "justice," and the "love between our brothers and our sisters" invoked by the song. After the tragedy of Indochina, most of us know better—not that this knowledge can console the Vietnamese and the Cambodians. But some people go unfazed from revolution to betrayed revolution with the same illusions and the same songs. As a line from another song Peter, Paul, and Mary sing puts it: "When will they ever learn?"

Selective Atrocities

John Kifner covered Lebanon for the *New York Times* from October 1979 to May 1982, the halcyon days of the PLO's ministate in that fissured and brutalized country. One of the reasons that Americans could never quite grasp the intensity of Shiite and Maronite hatred for the Palestinians was that Kifner and his colleagues never bothered to report how cruel and violent PLO rule in the South was. Kifner is now in Jerusalem, covering Israel for vacationing Thomas Friedman. Immediately on his arrival, he got an opportunity to do the kind of contextually distorted reportage for which he is noted.

In yet another of those morally and politically offensive gaucheries in which the Israelis seem to specialize of late, the Foreign Ministry (with at least the assent of Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin) has posted Major General Amos Yaron to Washington as military attaché. Yaron was reprimanded and stripped of his command in 1982 after a government commission found that, as a commander during the Lebanon war, he had failed to act on early reports of the slaughter of Palestinian innocents by Phalangist troops in the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps. Yaron would have been more appropriately posted to ignominy and political oblivion.

In the *Times* of August 2, Kifner retells the grotesque tale of the massacre. Why not? It does, after all, embarrass the Israelis. Still, it's not at all common for a newspaper to expend much ink on history. But the history of an atrocity makes the exception worthwhile; it should be done more often and about more atrocities. Yet Kifner cannot resist telling only a part of the story, the part that fits his own truncated version of the Lebanese and Palestinian tragedies. He writes that the 1982 massacre in the camps was the third such enterprise by the Phalangists. What he neglects to say is that in the six years before 1982, the PLO itself had engaged in mass murder of civilians. The PLO massacre at Christian Damur was actually the first of these large-scale reciprocal enormities. In a place like Lebanon, no one party can be said to have started the bloodletting. Sabra and Shatila, like the recent Shiite assault on Palestinian camps, are part of an ongoing cycle of atrocity and vengeance in a culture that prefers the bitter end to difficult compromise.

Notebook

□ HIP CZECH: Michal Pivonka is a 20-year-old hockey player from Czechoslovakia. On July 21, after helping spirit him out of his native country, the Washington Capitals of the National Hockey League signed Pivonka to a five-year, $1 million contract. Pivonka entered the United States as a refugee, having convinced representatives of the Immigration and Naturalization Service in Rome that he faces a "well-founded fear of persecution" if he returns to his country. The notion that this young jock meets

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anyone's definition of a political refugee is absurd. There is no indication he ever dissented from the Czech government, and he says he expects no harm to come to his family because of his departure. The Pivonka charade is only somewhat more hypocritical than the Reagan administration's usual interpretation of our immigration laws. People from Soviet bloc countries, whether or not they really have political reasons for leaving, are now presumed to have a well-founded fear of persecution. They thus have a far better chance of getting into the United States than individuals from El Salvador and Haiti who may really be fleeing political persecution.

□ GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER: Nothing illustrated better the difficulties of establishing the rule of law in Central America than the findings of an Arlington, Virginia, court last week. Federal prosecutors showed conclusively that in 1983 two current high-ranking Salvadoran military officers, Colonel Jorge Rivera and Colonel Elmer Gonzalez Araujo, received bribes totaling $300,000, paid for by the U.S. taxpayer. The illegal payments were part of a scheme in which the Pentagon paid an American firm $4.2 million to provide ammunition to the Salvadoran military in 1983. The firm substituted inferior Yugoslavian bullets for the more expensive U.S.-made bullets that were required by the contract. Then it bribed the Salvadoran officers to overlook the inferior bullets, and pocketed $1.2 million in profits. The three Americans involved pleaded guilty on July 31 and face up to five years in prison. The Salvadoran officers are likely to go scot-free—but not because of lack of evidence. Prosecutors in the case demonstrated that the illegal payments to Rivera were deposited in U.S. bank accounts held by his relatives living here. The problem is that Rivera is chief of finance in the Salvadoran Defense Ministry. If U.S. prosecutors decide to go after his money, it will be one of the first times the U.S. government has publicly gone after the corruption in the Salvadoran military. Many in the Salvadoran armed forces will no doubt find the precedent unsettling. The other problem is that Colonel Gonzalez Araujo is notorious for directing a massacre of up to 74 unarmed peasants in the tiny Salvadoran village of Las Hojas in February 1983. In a rare display of unanimity, the U.S. Embassy, the Salvadoran government, and independent human rights groups all said that Gonzalez Araujo ordered the villagers slaughtered because they had brought a land dispute to a local court. If prosecutors go after Gonzalez Araujo for defrauding the U.S. taxpayer, Americans and Salvadorans alike might start demanding that he also be prosecuted for murdering defenseless civilians. And that is one demand that the Reagan administration and the Salvadoran government are unable—or unwilling—to meet.

□ BREADBASKET OF THE U.S.S.R.: Whatever else you can say about Ronald Reagan, he is a man of principle. And the two principles he believes in most fervently are unfettered free markets and anti-communism, right? Wrong—at least when it comes to agriculture. The president has decided to sell off American wheat to the Soviet Union at subsidized prices. Now U.S. taxpayers may have to shell out as much as $52 million this year so that Soviet grain dealers can buy wheat for $13 less per ton than Americans pay. This gift to the Kremlin was made at the expense of Australia, a democracy friendly to us. Australian farmers claim that in order for them to compete with the subsidized American grain, the prices for their wheat will plummet. The president's decision represented a rebuff to Secretary of State George Shultz and a cave-in to Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole. With half a dozen Midwestern Republican senators up for re-election in November, Dole is out to buy farmers' votes so that his party will maintain control of the Senate—and Robert Dole will remain majority leader. Some principles.

□ CORRECTION: Last week on our table of contents page, the wrong volume, number, and issue information was given. It should have read: "Vol. 195, Numbers 5 & 6, Issues 3,734 & 3,735, August 11 & 18, 1986. (Printed on July 23, 1986.)"

THE MONEY CULTURE

GOING TO SEED

"DEAR ED," writes a troubled reader, Mr. K.F. "A few months ago I planted a couple of Thai seeds indoors and had some bushy four foot plants growing. In your March issue a reader asked about a five percent bleach solution added to water to kill nasty insects. My plants had bugs eating away at the leaves so I tried your advice. Unfortunately the solution wilted the entire plants. What happened?"

Ed replies: "A five percent bleach solution is used as a disinfectant for rooms and equipment only. It should not be used on plants because it will kill them, as you experienced."

This exchange between Mr. K.F. and Ed Rosenthal, the Ann Landers of the marijuana world, is found in the July issue of *High Times* magazine, a thriving 12-year-old publication for druggies. The correspondence gives you an idea of what's happened to the marijuana business over the past four or five years. It's reached middle age—literally gone to seed. It's a fascinating case of an illegal business that operates under the same market rules as a legal one, adapting to ebbs and flows in the demand and supply as well as to powerful forces of psychology, sociology, and plain old taste.

Marijuana is no longer a symbol of rebellion or creativity. Andrew Weil argues in his 1972 book, *The Natural Mind*, that marijuana is not a particularly potent drug (it produces, he writes, "no clinically significant actions on

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lower brain centers"). Instead, "the influence of set [that is, frame of mind] and setting dwarfs the influence of the drug itself." And set and setting are largely social phenomena; they've changed drastically during the Age of Reagan. Yupdom wants more than a buzz or a sedation or a heightened peanut butter taste. It's practical. It wants to *perform*, either by being wired on cocaine or by being clearheaded and natural.

Tastes have changed, but marijuana has survived—partly by becoming more blue-collar and small-town, partly by adopting a odd agrarian mystique. *High Times* was once filled with articles on drug culture—acid rock, radical politics, nasty bikers. Today it's obsessed with botany. Pages that once carried ads for roach clips, flavored rolling papers, and hookahs now carry ads for powerful indoor "grow lamps," kits to detect the sex of cannabis plants, and traps to stop rabbits from eating your young sprouts. Hunter S. Thompson and Abby Hoffman are long gone. The new cultural heroes are cultivators—Rosenthal himself, author of the *Marijuana Growers Handbook*, and Jorge Cervantes, author of *Indoor Marijuana Culture*. Cervantes—gentle Johnny Appleseedy prophet—writes that indoor marijuana growers "are not the average backyard weed jerker; they are caring people who pay attention to their plants' environment."

WHILE COCAINE makes the cover of *Newsweek* every other week (alternating with AIDS), marijuana has reached a kind of low-profile stasis. It's still the best-selling drug in America, but the latest *Narcotics Intelligence Estimate* of the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) claims that marijuana consumption in the United States has dropped from around 9,700 metric tons in 1981 to around 8,500 metric tons in 1984. Use on college campuses is down, and prices have leveled off.

And, writes Amy Cunningham in the *Washington Monthly*, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), which "gained attention in the early 1970s by nobly defending high school kids about to spend ten years in the penitentiary for lighting up a joint," now gets one-third of its budget by holding "conferences that are geared toward helping lawyers defend mid-level mobsters." These mobsters deal in cocaine, not marijuana. Coke is king—for consumers, for criminals, and for the law. *High Times* itself does not glorify cocaine: "The coke lifestyle, it's pretty disgusting," says Steven Hager, executive editor.

The marijuana economic chain is dominated by small domestic growers, who make an average profit of $22,500 a year, according to an admittedly dubious survey. The big-time South Florida smugglers are still around, with their Colombian connection, but the smart money is now in cocaine. Federal agents are three to four times as likely today as they were ten years ago to intercept boatloads of marijuana, but the huge majority of the 400,000 to 500,000 annual marijuana arrests (a number that's been fairly constant since 1975) are for possession—with charges regularly dropped.

Over the past ten years, marijuana has gone from a strictly imported product to a major domestic cottage industry. Small farmers grow it—often on public lands (the idea being that if they're caught, the feds can't confiscate the fields on which it was grown because the feds own the fields in the first place), often indoors. It is probably the biggest cash crop in Hawaii (ahead of sugarcane and pineapples), Oregon (ahead of hay), and Alabama (ahead of peanuts), and certainly in Humboldt County in Northern California, the focus of the federal Campaign Against Marijuana Planting (CAMP). NORML makes the outlandish claim—blithely repeated by much of the press—that marijuana is now "the most valuable cash crop in the United States," worth $18.6 billion in 1985 and outstripping corn, wheat, and soybeans. That figure is probably too high by a factor of eight or nine. The best guess is that the wholesale value of the crop is $2 billion to $2.5 billion—still a big number, considering the domestic tobacco crop last year was worth $2.7 billion.

In the 1960s and 1970s, Mexico was the largest supplier of marijuana to the United States. Then, in 1975, at the urging of our government, Mexican authorities began spraying the herbicide paraquat on the marijuana crop and, by 1978, nearly wiped it out. Colombia took over as number-one exporter, with 70 percent of the market, and Jamaica became number two. But the Colombians let the quality of their product decline—and at the same time began to switch to peddling cocaine, following American tastes. With the DEA and the Coast Guard becoming more vigilant, smuggling has become harder, and exporters figure that it's easier to get $1 million worth of cocaine (wholesale) into this country than $1 million worth of marijuana. The cocaine weighs 90 pounds; the marijuana, nearly a ton. So, in the early 1980s, the most important source of new marijuana in this country became this country itself. Marijuana is one industry where balance of payments is improving. The DEA estimates that 12 percent of the marijuana consumed in the United States is grown domestically. NORML puts the figure at 50 percent. Twenty-five to 30 percent seems about right—up from around zero ten years ago.

There have been two major refinements in the trade in the past few years: First, more marijuana is being grown indoors, in part to avoid agents of CAMP, who use planes to spot dark-green fields where cannabis plants grow. (*Sinsemilla Tips*, which describes itself as "the technical trade journal of the domestic marijuana industry," recently ran an ad for a Los Angeles company that sells camouflage tarps and nets to hide the marijuana patches: "You become virtually hidden from visual or infrared photography.") One survey shows that 74 percent of commercial marijuana cultivators grow at least some of their plants indoors.

SECOND, GROWING—even more than smoking—has become the object of fanaticism, the new focus of the marijuana culture. Marijuana farmers primp their prize plants as though they were blue-ribbon Iowa hogs. They hold contests to judge the best of the breed. The drug

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magazines run luscious color photographs of particularly good-looking cannabis. The "Ask Ed" column in *High Times* has a "Plant of the Month" and "Garden of the Month" feature. Readers send in pictures of what they've grown. There are close-ups of cannabis buds bursting with resins and looking fairly erotic. In a new book about the marijuana business, *Invisible Hand*, Roger Warner writes that many—perhaps most—farmers don't smoke the stuff themselves. They're in it for the money, the aesthetics, and the style; they're the vestiges of the hippie agrarian culture of the 1960s and 1970s.

The *Cannabis indica* plant—originally imported from Afghanistan—has become the most popular American variety, partly because it flowers more quickly than *C. sativa* (the plant grown in Mexico, Colombia, and Jamaica) and partly because it's more powerful, producing what Warner calls a "bulldozerlike high." It also smells better unsmoked: "like the mingled scents of pine trees, mint, and fresh-mown hay." Most indoor marijuana is grown hydroponically—in water rather than in soil, using clones instead of seeds to get the plant started. Hydroponic gardening requires powerful lights. Ram Enterprises had an ad on the back page of *High Times* for a 1,000-watt Super Halide MS 1000 lamp for $199. (*High Times*, by the way, has a circulation of 250,000. A full-page color ad costs $4,855.)

But the main reason that marijuana is still a hot seller in America is the advent of sinsemilla, which means "seedless." To produce this sort of marijuana, you have to get rid of male plants, so that their pollen won't be able to fertilize the females. The females, left alone, put out larger and larger buds in a vain attempt to latch onto some pollen. The trimmed buds are what marijuana connoisseurs these days smoke; sinsemilla at retail costs two to four times as much as common sativa from Mexico, with its sticks and seeds. *High Times* reports in its "Trans-High Market Quotations" section that in Charlotte, North Carolina, an ounce of the best "Carolina kickass potent buds" (sinsemilla) is going for $180 to $190. In Boston "pretty good Colombian" is $60. In general, marijuana is better and cheaper (in real dollars) than it was in the late 1970s, but fewer people smoke it.

The marijuana business today has all the excitement of truck farming—except at harvest time outdoors, when poachers descend on the fields to steal the mature plants. As a result, says a *Sinsemilla Tips* survey, "18 percent of the growers said they are now armed when tending their gardens . . . [and] 19 percent said they booby-trap their gardens." The glory seems to go to the marketers. Warner describes one: "The labels were his own design, a wide green indica leaf against an outline of the lower forty-eight states with a title, *Cannabis Americana*, running underneath. Under this logo ran a couple of paragraphs telling his customers how great American agriculture was, why they should only smoke American sinsemilla, and so on." Obviously, this entrepreneur keeps up with the latest trends, a follower of Miller's Made the American Way.

JAMES K. GLASSMAN

Paul Laxalt, I.

EASY DOES IT

PAUL LAXALT IS not a politician with an overarching plan for America. "I don't have any grand vision yet," he says. "Wish I did." After 12 years as a Republican senator from Nevada (he's retiring this fall) and stints as chairman of three Ronald Reagan presidential campaigns (1976, 1980, 1984), it's unlikely that Laxalt is going to find one overnight. No problem. What has prompted Laxalt, 63, to look favorably on running for the 1988 Republican presidential nomination is something quite different.

It is this: presidential politics abhors a vacuum. No one, including Vice President George Bush, is even close to wrapping up the Republican nomination at this point. This prompted, first, talk among Republican politicos and in the press about a possible Laxalt entry, and, second, active fanning of presidential speculation by Laxalt himself. Laxalt, after all, has nothing to lose. Should Bush or Representative Jack Kemp or someone else take charge of the presidential race, Laxalt has the option of deciding next spring not to run. Then he can join a Washington law firm and make a million dollars.

That's not his preference at the moment, though. Laxalt has cleverly used the press to move himself into a position to announce his candidacy in 1987. This spring and early summer, he gave the impression that there were many impediments to a presidential race. When I interviewed him on June 24, Laxalt cited his libel suit against the *Sacramento Bee*, the desire to take life slower, the burden of raising millions of dollars to finance a campaign. But a month later, when Laxalt met with reporters at an on-the-record breakfast, only the money problem remained. He'd willingly pass up the easy life. The lawsuit, which may not come to trial until next year, was "not a factor—disconnected."

Bush had better be ready. Laxalt is pursuing two lines of argument in public that are not so subtly aimed at him. Why run? "My strongest reason would be that the Reagan program and policies be perpetuated past Ronald Reagan," Laxalt says. It may take eight to 16 years after the Reagan presidency for these to be set in place permanently. Now, who might jeopardize all this? Laxalt doesn't name Bush. But surely he doesn't have Kemp or evangelist Pat Robertson in mind. He is playing on conservative fears that Bush, after six years of mouthing Reagan's brand of conservatism, is a moderate at heart—or worse.

The second anti-Bush line is more overt. Laxalt talks about "electability," which he suggests Bush painfully lacks. In other words, Bush can't win. Ed Allison, a Washington lobbyist who used to work for Laxalt and still advises him, says "electability" is all he hears about from Republicans these days. Laxalt says the notion that Bush would lose has taken hold. "That's certainly the perception as of now," he says. "I think it's a premature assessment."

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The worst thing for Bush about a Laxalt candidacy is what it does to Reagan. The president isn't likely to give Bush a flat endorsement in any case. But should Laxalt stay out, Reagan at least would be extraordinarily complimentary—calling Bush the greatest veep of all time, a man who's been in on all the big decisions and crises, etc. "But if Paul runs, there's no doubt that Reagan will be absolutely neutral," says Lyn Nofziger, the long-time Reagan political adviser who is allied with Laxalt. "It hurts Bush." Laxalt told reporters at breakfast that if Reagan backed Bush, "I'd be the most surprised person in God's world."

He needn't worry. It is anyone's guess exactly how close Laxalt is to Reagan and what they talk about in private moments (politics? Star Wars? horseback riding?). Reagan wasn't the one who sought out Laxalt as the chairman of his 1976 campaign. John Sears, then Reagan's campaign manager, was responsible. Nor was it Reagan's idea to dispatch Laxalt to the Philippines last year to inform Ferdinand Marcos his time was up. That initiative came from the State Department. But by political standards, Reagan and Laxalt are awfully chummy. Reagan likes calm, assured, self-made types who have a sense of humor. He and Laxalt have been friends since meeting while stumping for Barry Goldwater in 1964.

LAXALT ISN'T Reagan, however, in more ways than one. Ever since his Screen Actors Guild days in the 1940s, Reagan has sought leadership roles. Laxalt hasn't. He was governor of Nevada, but in the Senate he's led on only one issue: giving up the Panama Canal. He opposed it, and lost. And after Republicans took over the Senate in 1980, he declined to run for majority leader, deferring to Howard Baker and then Bob Dole. "I saw what leadership had to go through, and I simply didn't have the patience to sit there and hand-hold colleagues," Laxalt says.

Nor does Laxalt have Reagan's ideological zeal. This is important. What made Reagan a formidable politician from the start was his conservative following. Conservatives were passionately loyal to him not because he was an attractive ex-actor with political ambition but because they sensed he was a committed conservative ideologue. Laxalt is no moderate. But compared to Reagan's commitment to conservative ideology, his is tepid.

Laxalt advocates contemporary Reaganism, as tempered and diluted and compromised by six years of the Reagan presidency. He's for more cuts in spending, both at the Pentagon and in the domestic programs. He's against raising taxes. He's for an arms control agreement, insisting that it is Reagan's "destiny" to achieve one before leaving office. He's for a study of priorities in defense spending to find out if all the money is being spent wisely. "I don't think anybody knows if the total extent of that budget is justified," he says. "I have questions about that." All this is conventional Republican thinking. But it's not the kind of stuff that electrifies conservatives, who are the dominant force in Republican presidential primaries. Had Reagan championed this in 1980, he'd never have gotten the nomination.

Laxalt has one other real problem, and one perceived problem. The real one is his campaign organization. He says he would require that $8 million to $10 million in a campaign treasury be raised quickly, or else he won't run. "If you're not capitalized, you shouldn't go in," Laxalt says. He is adamant about averting the money troubles that curtailed Reagan late in the 1976 campaign. "We couldn't do media, we traveled tourist, we gave up the [private] plane," he says. "Worse than that, the candidate's mind was distracted." Besides, fund-raising success brings credibility with the press. But with the $1,000 limit on contributions, putting together $8 million won't be easy. Allison says it is "tough but possible."

THERE'S ANOTHER part of Laxalt's organizational problem: his lieutenants and foot soldiers. He says that the Reagan operatives from 1976, 1980, and 1984 remain largely uncommitted to a candidate for 1988, and he's right. He says they will probably still be available next spring when he decides on running, and again he's right. The question is whether these are the folks to have on your side in a primary fight. Laxalt cites four people—Nofziger, Nancy Reynolds, pollster Richard Wirthlin, and Edward Rollins, Reagan's campaign manager in 1984—as examples of those who would join his campaign. These folks are skillful campaign veterans, but they were insurgents when they nearly won with Reagan in 1976 and then blew away the opposition four years later. Now they are the Republican establishment. And except for getting an incumbent renominated, party establishments normally aren't very influential in primaries. The new insurgents usually win. Of course, Laxalt may be able to attract them too, but don't bet on it.

And then there is the so-called Nevada problem, which the senator has supposedly compounded by suing the *Sacramento Bee* over a story that said his family's casino was investigated for skimming. Moreover, as a Nevada politician, he has come in the vicinity of organized crime and gambling interests. The Nevada angle, concedes Allison, "is not a big plus." But serious as the Nevada charges are against Laxalt, they may turn out to be not much of a negative either. Gambling doesn't have the evil connotation it once did, Laxalt says, what with casinos in New Jersey and lotteries in 20 states. Laxalt, a divorced Catholic, has proved to be popular with social conservatives in Washington despite his background in what he calls a "live-and-let-live state."

Laxalt told the *Washingtonian* not long ago that two of his favorite movies were *The Ten Commandments* and *48 Hours.* This is like saying your favorite books are the Bible and *Peyton Place.* One movie is the story of Moses, told in a way that satisfies Christians. The other is the story of a cop and a convict, both foul-mouthed, who spend two days on a case together. That sums up Laxalt. He feels comfortable with evangelicals and libertarians. "That's where I am," he says. "If it's not tenable, I'm in deep trouble."

FRED BARNES

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Paul Laxalt, II.

THE 'NEVADA PROBLEM'

TO BE TAKEN seriously as a presidential candidate, Paul Laxalt must put to rest what is delicately referred to as the "Nevada problem." The "Nevada problem" is the fact that it's almost impossible to succeed in Nevada politics without making friends with and taking campaign contributions from blackjack dealers, casino owners, and financiers, some of whom have organized crime ties. Laxalt's solution has been to sue the *Sacramento Bee* for $250 million for a story the paper published on his relationships with reputed organized crime figures. Laxalt wants the trial to be taken as the final word on his "Nevada problem." Whatever the court's decision, Laxalt's relationships with alleged underworld figures should be studied closely.

These relationships take two forms: political allies such as campaign contributors, and business associates. Laxalt, for example, has received contributions from his friend Moe Dalitz, whose purported organized crime career stretching back to the 1920s was traced by a 1978 California Organized Crime Control Commission report. (The vice chairman of the commission was Edwin Meese.) The more serious issue is Laxalt's private business dealings with alleged organized crime associates, particularly those involved in Ormsby House, a hotel and casino that Laxalt partially owned in the 1970s.

In 1983 the *Sacramento Bee* published a lengthy article charging that Internal Revenue Service investigators believed "substantial sums" were illegally skimmed from the gambling proceeds at Ormsby House. "Skimming" consists of not recording cash income from casino operations and has been an important source of revenue for organized crime. The article said investigators did not know whether Laxalt was aware of the alleged skimming. Laxalt has filed a $250 million libel suit against McClatchy Newspapers, which owns the *Bee*, and Denny Walsh, who wrote the story. The case is expected to go to trial in Nevada next year. But how Laxalt came to be part owner of the casino is an interesting story in itself.

Laxalt decided to open the casino shortly after finishing a four-year term as governor in 1971. In a 977-page deposition taken last October for the libel trial, Laxalt said he and his brother Peter invested less than $1,000 each of their own money in the venture. First National Bank of Chicago then lent a total of more than $7 million, some of it with no collateral, to firms set up by the Laxalts. The money was for construction and operation of the casino. All but one of the loans were approved by Robert L. Heymann, a senior vice president of the bank. Heymann later pleaded guilty to accepting "consulting fees" of $1,000 to $2,000 per month for two years from a New Jersey firm for which he had approved $30 million in bank loans. Justice Department and FBI officials who worked on the Heymann case said they didn't look into the bank's loans to Ormsby House because they didn't know about them.

Heymann has since died. But he told Media General News Service in 1982 that there "was never anything improper" about the Laxalt loans. "Paul is a super person. . . . There's no more honest person that's ever been on this earth." In pretrial proceedings, the *Sacramento Bee*'s lawyers introduced documents that show Heymann ran up $4,000 in gambling losses at Ormsby House that remained unpaid for at least two and a half years. Laxalt said in his deposition that he doesn't know if the debt was ever paid.

One of Laxalt's partners in the casino was Bernard Nemerov, who had previously been part-owner of a Las Vegas casino and who allegedly had ties to organized crime. According to a Justice Department report cited by Edward Pound of the *Wall Street Journal*, Nemerov had dealings with mob financier Allen Dorfman. The report described Nemerov as saying he fronted for Dorfman in the acquisition of an Ohio insurance company in 1963. The deal was financed by a $4.2 million loan from the notorious Teamsters Central States Pension Fund. In a recent telephone interview, Nemerov denied any organized crime involvement.

Laxalt also had personal dealings with Dorfman himself, playing golf with him in Palm Springs and attending his birthday party in Chicago. Dorfman was a close associate of Jimmy Hoffa, the former president of the Teamsters Union. Dorfman exercised great influence over the Teamsters pension fund and a related health and welfare fund, both of which federal investigators say served for years as virtual banks for mobsters. He was convicted in 1972 of conspiring to obtain a kickback for arranging a $1.5 million loan from the Teamsters pension fund. In 1983 Dorfman was shot to death in a gangland-style slaying in a suburban Chicago parking lot, shortly after being convicted of conspiring to bribe former Nevada Senator Howard Cannon.

IT WAS AT Dorfman's behest in 1971 that Laxalt, just after leaving the governor's office, wrote a "personal and confidential" letter to Richard Nixon seeking early release from prison for Jimmy Hoffa. "Dear President Dick," Laxalt wrote. "The other day I had an extended conversation with Al Dorfman of the Teamsters with whom I've worked closely the past few years. . . . While I don't know Mr. Hoffa personally, I have had occasion to have a great deal of contact with Mr. Dorfman and the members of the Executive Committee of the Teamsters. As you may know, their loans to Nevada resort hotels represent by far the greatest investment in Nevada. Their activities have been 'above board' at all times and they have made a material contribution to our state." Laxalt said in his deposition that he met with Dorfman "at most a dozen times."

Another associate of Laxalt's who was involved in the

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Ormsby House venture was Delbert W. Coleman, a multimillionaire who did a lot of business with Heymann's First National Bank of Chicago. In 1969 the Securities and Exchange Commission accused Coleman of manipulating the stock price of a conglomerate called Parvin-Dohrmann, which owned three Nevada casinos. The case was settled with a consent decree, and no criminal charges were ever filed. However, Coleman was forced to resign as chairman of Parvin-Dohrmann. One of Parvin-Dohrmann's casinos, the Stardust Hotel and Casino, had been financed with $15 million in loans approved by Robert Heymann from First National Bank of Chicago. (Parvin-Dohrmann created a minor Washington scandal at the time by secretly paying $50,000 to a friend of House Speaker John McCormack to help set up a meeting between company and SEC officials.)

Less than two years later in 1971, Laxalt tried unsuccessfully to persuade Coleman to become a partner in his casino venture. It was "a fond hope on our part that he might participate," Laxalt stated in his deposition. He said that in the end Coleman played no role in the casino, except for introducing him to Heymann. A handwritten note on a letter introduced in pretrial proceedings indicates that Coleman's approval may have been necessary for a $950,000 loan for Ormsby House.

Laxalt has remained friendly with Coleman. When he left office as governor and rejoined his law firm, the firm became general counsel with a $100,000 retainer to a company in which Coleman held a large interest. Coleman also paid Laxalt's plane fare on a trip the two made to Switzerland shortly after he left office. According to financial disclosure reports filed with the Senate, Coleman provided Laxalt and his wife with airplane transportation to New York (where Coleman lives) three times in 1984 and 1985. Coleman and his children have also contributed at least $15,000 to Laxalt's legal fund.

LAXALT'S RELATIONSHIP with Coleman is also notable because Coleman has been a close friend and longtime associate of Sidney Korshak. The *New York Times* said in 1976 that "to scores of federal, state, and local law enforcement officials, Korshak is the most important link between organized crime and legitimate business." The *Times* reported that Korshak dominated the affairs of Parvin-Dohrmann. The SEC said, for example, that Coleman authorized a secret payment of $500,000 to Korshak, which violated SEC rules. Korshak earned the generous fee, according to the *Times*, by helping Parvin-Dohrmann purchase the Stardust, in part by introducing Coleman to its principal owner, Moe Dalitz. The *Times* said that Justice Department officials believed Korshak had planned to use Parvin-Dohrmann to take over numerous Nevada casinos. The consent decree in the stock manipulation case required Korshak to sever his ties with Parvin-Dohrmann and forced him to relinquish what the SEC termed "unlawful" profits. In his deposition, Laxalt said he doesn't know Korshak, although he said they may have met once briefly.

Despite the millions of dollars in loans, Ormsby House was a financial failure. The Laxalt group eventually sold out to a casino operator in 1976, a little more than a year after Laxalt was elected senator. The buyer paid no cash for the casino, but agreed to assume its mammoth debts. One benefit Laxalt received from the venture was a tax loss that excused him from paying any federal income tax for six years.

LAXALT FILED his libel suit against the *Sacramento Bee* in September 1984, six weeks before Election Day. He was then the general chairman of the Republican National Committee as well as Reagan's campaign chairman. The suit came at a time when ABC and CBS were both working on stories exploring Laxalt's Nevada past. Neither has yet broadcast a story. Laxalt and his lawyer notified both networks that they planned to file suit against the *Bee*. They also attacked the credibility of one of the networks' key sources. The networks have said that the implied threats were not the reason they decided against airing their stories. The *Bee*'s lawyers, however, filed a counterclaim against Laxalt, charging that his libel suit was aimed at stopping discussion of Laxalt's past. A lower court dismissed the *Bee*'s action.

Other news media are now reluctant to publish articles about Laxalt's background. The *Washington Post*'s coverage of the pretrial proceedings has been notably gentle. A front-page story in January opened by describing Ormsby House as a dream of Laxalt's mother: "Laxalt was a proud man who loved his mother, so it became his dream, too." The unwillingness of reporters to probe the background of Laxalt's friends has no doubt contributed to the generally favorable reaction to the possibility of Laxalt's candidacy by such opinion-makers as George Will and David Broder.

Laxalt told a group of reporters in June that he is confident of winning at least a "Sharon verdict," a reference to former Israeli defense minister Ariel Sharon, who persuaded a jury that *Time* magazine had printed false information about him, but not that *Time* had acted with either malice or reckless disregard for the truth. Such a "split result," Laxalt said, could set the stage for him to enter the presidential race.

But the libel trial is not essential to judging Paul Laxalt's fitness for the presidency. What is essential is to look at his judgment in selecting associates. Robert Heymann, Bernie Nemerov, Allen Dorfman, and Delbert Coleman were not people with whom Laxalt was forced to become close to in his role as governor and senator. They were friends and/or business associates. The issue is no longer whether these people are fit to run a Las Vegas casino. The question for 1988 is: what sort of judgment would Paul Laxalt show if he were running the government of the United States?

STEVEN T. GOLDBERG

Steven T. Goldberg is a reporter in the Washington bureau of Media General News Service.

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Apartheid up close.

LIFE IN CROSSROADS

BY LARS WALDORF

"WHO'S LOOKING after the poor animals in Crossroads?" The young white woman was not alone in her concern. In Cape Town an animal welfare agency organized pet food collection points outside several supermarkets. Apartheid breeds surreal sensibilities. Most Capetonians never see the Crossroads squatter camp or African townships that lie only 25 kilometers beyond their bougainvillea suburbs. Paradoxically, the only common ground blacks and whites share is the no-man's-land that separates them, apartheid. A white Red Cross official remarked that donations for the 70,000 Crossroads refugees had poured in once "people realized their maids and gardeners were homeless." As one of these refugees noted, "We see [Minister of Constitutional Development and Planning] Heunis just making speeches on television, saying things that aren't true; talking to people who don't know our feelings, who stay in beautiful houses and don't know how we suffer."

After a year in white South Africa, I spent seven weeks working for a relief agency in the Crossroads area. (My coworkers did not know I intended to write this article.) Being white and well-meaning in a black township poses certain ontological hazards. Welfare work by its nature threatens to transform you into a missionary, patronizing and paternalistic. The Xhosa phrase book I bought at CNA, South Africa's largest bookstore chain, didn't help. Written by a missionary in 1899 (reprinted in 1956, 1979, and 1982), it contained such phrases as "Are your hands clean?" and "You ought to learn to speak English." The opposite danger occurs when you start believing the "comrades" who call you "comrade," and become one of those "black souls in white skins" that Black Consciousness leader Steve Biko so scathingly ridiculed. In the end, I settled for being a *mlungu*, a whitey.

Over the last three months, the squatter camps in the Crossroads area have been systematically destroyed through the combined efforts of black vigilantes, the South African police, and Development Board bulldozers, leaving 70,000 people homeless in the rainy Cape winter. The South African regime portrays the devastation as "black on black" violence, further evidence that blacks are unfit for majority rule. President Reagan has referred to the violence as a black civil war and a "tribal situation," yet the tribal situation only occurs when the government uses Tswana and Zulu police and soldiers in the predominantly Xhosa community. In truth, the destruction represents yet another forced removal in a country where more than 3.5 million blacks have been relocated since 1960. And it occurred less than a month after Minister Heunis proclaimed an end to forced removals that "facilitate political ideology." The Crossroads removal reveals the hollowness of such reformist rhetoric and indicates the government is determined to use the Prevention of Illegal Squatting and Slum Acts to relocate blacks now that the pass laws have been abolished.

Whatever the government's intentions, black squatting will continue. In announcing the replacement of influx control with "orderly urbanization," President P. W. Botha warned blacks that their movement to urban areas will be limited by the availability of housing. And the government admits a drastic shortage this year of 221,572 houses—a shortage resulting from influx control's freeze on housing construction in black group areas. As more and more blacks flee the impoverished and remote rural homelands for job opportunities in the urban areas, there will be more black squatters, and more forced removals.

Thirty years ago, Nationalist Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd, apartheid's premier architect, tried to fashion white majority rule in South Africa by removing blacks to "independent" Bantustans (now euphemistically referred to as homelands). To ensure that the Western Cape remained predominantly "Colored," Verwoerd declared it a Colored Labor Preference Area, meaning that employers could be fined for hiring blacks if "Coloreds" were available. The government tightened influx control in the Western Cape to keep its African population frozen, denied black workers permanent residency (even if they were born there), and practically halted all black housing construction. Such social engineering quickly proved a failure. The homelands failed to reverse rural-urban migration, and white employers continued to hire the cheap migrant labor. Thus squatter communities burgeoned around Cape Town, in spite of the perennial bulldozings that began in 1955.

Formed in 1975, the Crossroads squatter camp came to symbolize black defiance of influx control. Over the last five years, four satellite squatter camps mushroomed around the original settlement of Old Crossroads (60,000 people): Nyanga Bush (20,000), KTC (21,200), Nyanga Extension, and Portland Cement Works. In 1983 the deputy minister of cooperation called Crossroads "a symbol of provocation and defiance of the government" that "we want to destroy at all costs." That year the Nationalist government unveiled its plan to carve a new township, Khayelitsha ("our new home"), out of the sand dunes 35

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kilometers from Cape Town. All "legal" squatters (those with passes to work in the Western Cape) would be moved to Khayelitsha. The "illegals" would be sent back to the homelands.

In February 1985, during the heyday of Botha's reformist rhetoric, the government sent a Tswana police force into Crossroads to remove squatters to Khayelitsha. The ensuing violence left 18 dead and 230 injured. To defuse the situation, the government resorted to divide-and-rule tactics, offering to upgrade Old Crossroads while insisting that the other squatter communities move to Khayelitsha. The results of this summer's destruction dovetail smoothly with the government's scheme: now that four satellite communities have been razed, land is available to begin the upgrading of Old Crossroads. The corporate-funded Urban Foundation, which often works closely with the government on black urban development, pulled out of the upgrading project once it learned that the government would not allow those left homeless to return and rebuild.

From the start, the government has insisted that the 70,000 refugees from the satellite camps around Old Crossroads must move to Khayelitsha. In the most cynical move, the government ordered the eviction of refugees from churches, mosques, and synagogues in white and "Colored" areas housing refugees. They cited the Black (Urban Areas) Consolidation Act of 1945 (forbidding blacks to remain in other group areas) on the very day Parliament repealed the law. The eviction notices stressed that accommodation for the refugees was available—in Khayelitsha. Within the townships, police raided several churches and schools, whipping refugees and stealing the lists of refugee names. As a result, hundreds fled, nobody knows where.

The government has made it clear that new squatting will not be tolerated. After vigilantes destroyed a large swath of KTC, residents returned and began rebuilding. The government sent in bulldozers, claiming that KTC needed to be upgraded—something never mentioned before. Police Casspirs and army Buffels (types of armored personnel carriers) and policemen with shotguns oversaw the bulldozing, as a few KTC women darted in front of the blades to pick out corrugated iron sheeting and other possessions. Within a week, KTC was reduced to an ugly gray scar of sand; refugees expect that KTC, like the other destroyed camps, will be ringed with barbed wire to prevent the squatters from moving back. In addition, the Western Cape Development Board demolished 78 shacks that had sprung up along Lansdowne Road after the fighting. Within a few days, the squatters had resurrected structures of corrugated iron, wood, and black plastic.

Despite the better sanitation available in Khayelitsha, most refugees emphatically refuse to move: "If Mr. Heunis wants us to go to Khayelitsha," said one, "we want back all our dead people. He has driven us out by fire." Khayelitsha is unappealing for several reasons: (1) the distance to Cape Town center is 35 kilometers, compared to 23 kilometers for Crossroads, meaning additional traveling time and expense; (2) inadequate community, recreational, and shopping facilities; (3) with only two roads in, it can be easily sealed off during "unrest"; and (4) many of the vigilantes who destroyed the squatter camps came from Khayelitsha. Nonetheless, a few thousand refugees, intimidated by continual police harassment, tired of living in large refugee centers without privacy, and seeing no other solution in sight, have moved to the wind-whipped army tents on Khayelitsha's desolate gray sands. In the soup kitchen there, the Development Board placed a stack of Xhosa pamphlets announcing "Hamba Dompas" ("No more passbooks").

IF FOR 11 years Crossroads symbolized the injustice of the pass laws, it now stands as further testimony to divide-and-rule in an already splintered land. The Crossroads eruption had its source in two community conflicts: "comrades" versus "fathers," and a power struggle among the Old Crossroads Committee, affiliates of the United Democratic Front, and the other squatter camp leaders.

The terms "comrades" and "fathers" (more often called *witdoeke*, for the white armbands they wear) are highly misleading. Not all "comrades" are young or affiliated with the United Democratic Front, the broad anti-apartheid movement established in 1983. Nonetheless, a substantial degree of intergenerational conflict does exist. Since the 1976 Soweto riots, students have been at the forefront of resistance to the state; in rejecting passivity, they often rejected the older generation as well. This presents a serious challenge to the traditionally patriarchal African family, especially now, when 50 percent of the African population is under 16 years of age. Although the UDF has partially succeeded in linking youth organizations to township civic associations, the perennial school boycotts still alienate parents.

Intergenerational conflict sparked unrest around Crossroads last December when the Nyanga Youth Brigade, undisciplined and politically unaffiliated, took over the "people's court" in Nyanga East and began meting out severe punishments to adults. (Some brigade members even offered to "discipline" the refugees outside our relief clinic.) The Cape Youth Congress, a UDF affiliate, criticized the brigade, yet it too contains a few criminal elements who exploit the political struggle. During last year's consumer boycott of white shops, some youths formed "Omo squads," which forced suspected boycott-breakers to drink Omo detergent.

These abuses angered the whole community, but only the Old Crossroads and Khayelitsha leadership exploited this resentment to form vigilante groups. The reason for this has to do with an overlapping power struggle. Throughout 1985 the Cape Youth Congress had challenged the authority of the Old Crossroads Committee and its leader, Johnson Ngxobongwana. This committee, having led the fight against removals since 1979, became increasingly repressive and exploitative after 1983, exacting exorbitant taxes from the squatters. Further complicating matters is the fact that Ngxobongwana has also served as president of the Western Cape Civics Association, an important UDF affiliate, since 1982.

Last December Ngxobongwana's vigilantes began oper-

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ating openly with tacit police support to drive UDF supporters out of Old Crossroads and the adjacent townships. The leaders of the satellite camps earned Ngxobongwana's enmity by allying themselves with the UDF affiliates. When Ngxobongwana held an election in February to reassert his authority, he received only 5,000 votes in a community numbering at least 60,000 adults. One week later he wrote Minister Heunis, offering the Old Crossroads Committee as "a link between us as a community . . . and your department." Apparently the committee believed that by routing the other squatter camps, they would acquire that land, and thus be the sole beneficiaries of the government's upgrading scheme. So far, they have not been proved wrong.

It is important to recognize that these community conflicts, sown by apartheid, were further exacerbated and exploited by the government. Given the evidence of Ngxobongwana's low popularity even among his own community, it is doubtful that he could have destroyed the other squatter camps on his own. In fact, when fighting broke out, many Old Crossroads residents fled to the "comrade side," while some workers from Khayelitsha were forced off buses and coerced into joining the vigilantes.

Crossroads is not the first case where police have collaborated with vigilantes—only the most blatant. Nicholas Haysom of the Center for Applied Legal Studies at the University of Witswatersrand has documented the sudden rise of vigilantes throughout South Africa since mid-1985. These vigilantes point up an often overlooked fact: apartheid does benefit some blacks, usually community councillors, black policemen, and homeland chiefs and their followers. In all the cases Haysom examines, vigilantes brazenly attacked anti-apartheid organizations, usually UDF affiliates, receiving at least tacit support from the police and government's development boards. The government's use of vigilantes to destroy community resistance has not only proven immensely successful, it has also diverted attention from apartheid to "black on black" violence.

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS during the Crossroads fighting, I witnessed police helping the vigilantes. Four days after fighting began, I saw *witdoeke* along Mahobe Drive tear down shacks in Nyanga Bush while four Casspirs and several "mellow yellows" (yellow police vans) looked on. What the police presence did was prevent the "comrades" from crossing the road and attacking. Three weeks later, when the *witdoeke* attacked one of the satellite camps, police initially barred our relief operation from the townships. Trying to sneak in proved impossible, as vigilantes were manning their own roadblocks into Crossroads, in one case with police assistance. After being allowed in, I witnessed a crowd of 300 *witdoeke* carrying sticks and knives advance down the road from Old Crossroads toward one of the satellite camps, a police Casspir in front escorting them. At no point did the Casspir attempt to disperse the *witdoeke*. Even one of the vigilante leaders, Kobus Mahonxa, told the *Cape Times*, "Of course the police helped us . . . they chased the comrades away from us by firing tear gas at them."

The government's divide-and-rule strategy in Crossroads has succeeded in fragmenting the community. When a woman from Old Crossroads arrived at a church housing refugees from another camp, one leader said to me, "Please take her away; we don't want her on this side." One day a crowd of women refugees turned on two women from Old Crossroads, accusing them of being *impimpis* (informers) for the vigilantes. Under questioning, the two women confessed that their husbands were not missing, as they had claimed, but were actually *witdoeke*, and that they had visited Old Crossroads hoping to persuade their husbands to join the comrades. After a minister persuaded the crowd to hand the women over to the Red Cross, one comrade told me, "If they come back here, we'll put a fire around their neck."

Even middle-class black students at the University of Cape Town justified necklacings to me, citing friends or relatives who had been jailed because of informers. The government accuses the UDF of perpetrating such horrors, but the frightening truth is that the UDF leadership is powerless to stop them. At a UDF rally in Mitchell's Plain, a "Colored" township, UDF executives tried unsuccessfully to prevent the murder of a suspected informer. In fact, the government, by detaining UDF and other political leaders, has enabled a violent radical element to emerge, untrammeled by organizational discipline. Necklacings provide the most grisly evidence of apartheid's divide-and-rule: the black community's wrath turned in upon itself.

The South African government's use of vigilantes in Crossroads has left 70,000 people homeless and has severely weakened that community's will to resist removal to Khayelitsha. It is a harbinger of the government's latest tactic for ongoing removals. At the moment, a subtle removal is taking place in Moutse, a small "black spot" in the northern Transvaal where residents are resisting incorporation into the soon-to-be "independent" KwaNdebele homeland; in this case, the regime is bringing the homeland to the blacks. And once again a community's resistance has been met by vigilantes colluding with police.

Finally, in the discussion of "black on black" violence, it is easy to forget about the young white soldiers now viewing Crossroads and the black townships for the first time from atop armored Buffels. Facing down black hostility can only harden them, especially when they are at the same time being indoctrinated with the South African Defense Force's pamphlet *Theology of Revolution*: "Black revolution has nothing to do with population groups. . . . This Black Theology is therefore merely the dogma of the Black Prince, Satan. . . . Hell will no doubt be the fate of those who answer to this call." According to the government, soldiers are needed in the townships to protect "moderate" blacks from "ANC-UDF terror." "Mama" Benge, the township resident who turned her house into a soup kitchen for 500 refugees and comrades, had a different understanding: "The army can't come and help us after killing our children. Because our sons are sleeping in mortuaries. Some of these young white soldiers, they are children that have been brought up by us as their nannies, and now they are killing us. We brought them up, we love them, but today they are our enemies." □

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The freedom fighters that nobody knows.

WHO IS THE ANC?

BY STEVEN MUFSON

Johannesburg

It is March 5 and Winnie Mandela enters the crowded stadium in the black township of Alexandra like a nervous bride. She emerges from beneath a black, gold, and green canopy of flowers bunched like a map of Africa, and the crowd, gathered for the largest political funeral in South African history, chants slogans and waves flags of the outlawed African National Congress. Youths stamp their feet in the dust in a warlike dance known as the *toyi-toyi*, and they brandish wooden guns carved in the shape of Soviet-made AK-47s. People hand out photocopied pamphlets from the ANC appealing to black policemen to join the fight against the white government. "They have put you in uniform because they are few and we are many. Brother Soldier, policeman! Now is the time to choose! Stop killing your own people!"

In June a crackdown by the government ended such funerals and swept thousands of activists into detention. But the state of emergency has resolved nothing. The toy AK-47s have been replaced by real ones, and the army of protesters bottled up in the angry black townships has been succeeded by lone ANC terrorists planting bombs at white beach resorts, fast-food joints, and white bus stops. After two months of emergency rule, the South African government simply faces a more deadly form of the same dilemma: how is it going to deal with the growing popularity of the ANC and with its enduring martyr, the 68-year-old lawyer named Nelson Mandela who is serving a life sentence for sabotage at a prison outside Cape Town?

The Reagan administration faces these same questions, regardless of how the current debate over sanctions is resolved. Indeed, as the furor over sanctions subsides and a compromise bill emerges, the administration's position on the ANC will assume greater urgency and arouse greater controversy. The State Department is already feuding with the White House about the proper stance to take. The State Department has maintained discreet contacts with the ANC for at least two years, and last week it gave greater publicity to a meeting of the U.S. ambassador to Zambia and ANC officials in the Zambian capital of Lusaka. Virtually unnoticed amid Senator Joseph Biden's histrionics at a Senate hearing on sanctions was Secretary of State George Shultz's statement that he is prepared to meet with Oliver Tambo, the president of the ANC.

The transformation of the ANC from political taboo to a principal preoccupation among both whites and blacks is the most astonishing development in South Africa in the past two years. As recently as 1984, the ANC was politically isolated and its guerrilla capabilities regarded as something of a joke. Now black trade union organizers, parent groups, and black businessmen under the banner of the United Democratic Front look to the ANC for political direction, sometimes even traveling to ANC headquarters in Lusaka for consultations.

Twenty-six years after the ANC was declared illegal and driven into exile, its absence in South Africa is felt more powerfully than its presence ever was. In the 1950s, ANC membership peaked at 100,000, and it had little support in Alexandra, where Mrs. Mandela received her tumultuous welcome this year. In the 1960s, its guerrillas demonstrated an uncanny knack for walking into police ambushes. In the 1970s, the rival Black Consciousness movement, which rejected any role for whites in the struggle against apartheid, gained pre-eminence with leaders such as Steve Biko, who died from injuries sustained while in government detention. For years the ANC's liberation technocrats—attaché cases in one hand, bags with weekly vegetable quotas in the other—toiled in relative obscurity in Lusaka.

The growth of the ANC, though, hasn't changed the organization's appearance. I visited ANC headquarters last October, and it seemed an unlikely place to plot a revolution. The languid offices of the oldest liberation movement in Africa are housed behind rusty metal gates in a small alleyway parallel to Lusaka's main thoroughfare. In a handful of nondescript one-story buildings, the "comrades" lounged about, bumming cigarettes from one another. There were no guns in sight.

It is the ANC's reputation as the government's most adamant enemy that has loosely united a broad spectrum of apartheid's foes, ranging from communists to capitalists, from Marxists to Christians, from angry young blacks raised on street violence to aging members of a black aristocracy reared in missionary schools. The ANC particularly benefited from the government's nationwide crackdown after the Soweto rebellion in 1976. Scores of angry young blacks fled the country and, eager to fight, sought out the ANC. Within the country, a proliferation of groups emerged, many of them using the word "Congress" in their names as a way of showing their sympathy for the ANC. These groups generally share the ANC's views, except for espousing violence

Today support for the outlawed ANC is more overt than it has been in a generation, despite the dangers of showing

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ANC sympathy. On the tenth anniversary of the June 16 Soweto uprising, about 500 residents defied a ban on public meetings. While thousands of troops and police cruised the streets of Soweto in armored cars, groups of two to five blacks walked to a church tucked behind rows of matchbox houses and held a rally, complete with ANC flags and chants. Local community leaders shuttled in and out one by one to deliver speeches, and youths waved cars away to distant parking areas to avoid attracting attention.

The new generation of young ANC guerrillas is showing a greater ability to carry out attacks in the heart of white South Africa. The number of incidents more than doubled in the past two years. When guerrillas attacked a government plant that converts coal to oil, "We walked very tall," says Nthato Motlana, a respected Soweto physician who belonged to the ANC when it was legal. When bombs damaged a nuclear power station under construction, Dr. Motlana says, "We walked on air." Blacks increasingly sympathize with the use of violence by the ANC, and blacks too young to remember its leaders praise them in messianic terms. In crowded black townships, children sing a song in that goes: "Where is Tambo? / Tambo is in the bush / He is teaching the soldiers the art of guns / That they should be one, that they will come."

THE INTERNATIONAL stature of the ANC has risen along with its popularity within South Africa. Nowadays the leaders of the ANC are received in corridors of power. Mac Maharaj is on the ANC's national executive committee. He served 12 years in Robben Island prison for his part in founding the military wing of the ANC, known as Umkhonto we Sizwe (Spear of the Nation). In June he conferred with U.S. policymakers (including one State Department official) at a Ford Foundation seminar in New York. Later in June Tambo had a luncheon with prominent British businessmen in London. Afterward, the chairmen of Barclays Bank and Standard Chartered Bank, whose affiliates are the biggest banks in South Africa, waited in line for a chance to exchange a few words with him. "Obviously they'd like to be the ANC's bankers one day," said one of the organizers of the luncheon.

"The ANC is the premier black political organization," says Desmond Tutu, the Anglican archbishop who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1984. "The fact that many of its members have paid a very heavy price has enhanced its prestige and credibility." Pollsters from across the political spectrum indicate that the ANC has the support of more than 30 percent of blacks, and that Mandela has the backing of more than half of blacks. No other organization and no other individual receives even half as much support. A substantial number of blacks, especially in rural areas, said they had never heard of Mandela. In one of the most reputable polls, Mandela had almost three times as much support as Chief Mangosuthu Gatsha Buthelezi, the more conservative Zulu leader. (See sidebar on page 25.)

The ANC's unwavering insistence on one man, one vote has set the black agenda for South Africa's future. The organization can't take over the country from hidden church halls, but it remains the ghost at any bargaining table the government tries to arrange. Last month the government in Pretoria unveiled a new scheme for provincial government. The only black participants it could attract were a handful of obscure high school teachers and local businessmen. Even Buthelezi, the most pliant of the regime's black opponents, refuses to join Botha's proposed national council to discuss black political concerns until the government releases Nelson Mandela and lifts the ban on the ANC. Without the ANC, any government proposals for reform and compromise constitutional formulas will fall flat.

The diverse following of the ANC is united on the need for violence and on the sacred tablet of the ANC, the Freedom Charter. Adopted in 1955, the charter declares that "South Africa belongs to all who live in it, black and white." The charter favors the transfer of the mines, banks, and monopoly industry "to the people" and advocates an end to restrictions on labor, equal opportunities in commerce, free compulsory education, land redistribution, a minimum wage, and a 40-hour week.

"We did not want to be seen as terrorists," Tambo said in an interview with a South African newspaper last year. Sounding more like an American-style civil rights leader than a fire-breathing terrorist, he said, "We have hoped that we could together build the future non-racial South Africa. We mean a society in which each one feels he or she belongs together with everybody else, where the fact of race and color is of no consequence."

Violence is viewed as the only means of bringing about a non-racial South Africa. "We're not dealing with the British colonial government," says Maharaj, one of the most outspoken ANC leaders. "When we went on a hunger strike, the wardens came and laughed at us and said: 'Well, you suffer, not us.' The armed struggle makes people sit up." Tambo says a cease-fire is possible, but only when the government gets serious about negotiating about sharing power with blacks. The government says the ANC must renounce violence first.

The ANC has signed the Geneva convention on the humanitarian conduct of war, the first liberation movement to do so. Tambo says the group was "notoriously restrained" in attacks until recently, avoiding civilians and striking against railroads, army bases, and economic infrastructure. The ANC didn't blow up crowded restaurants or nightclubs the way Algerian independence fighters did.

LATELY TACTICS have changed. Last year the ANC said it might hit at "soft targets." Since the latest state of emergency was declared, several bombs have exploded in central white cities. The car bomb, previously the franchise of Lebanon, has made its debut in South Africa. The civilian targets are the subject of hot debate within the ANC. A Soweto resident says sympathizers of the ANC fear getting caught in a bomb blast along with whites when they are at work. In discussing the attacks, ANC leaders neither take credit for them nor disavow them. Instead they vaguely suggest that their cadres lack discipline, an

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answer unlikely to satisfy anyone. Some blacks believe that only white casualties will waken whites who have spent the past two turbulent years carrying on business as usual, sipping drinks by the pool, stroking tennis balls, and cooking sausages in their gardens.

THERE REMAINS considerable uncertainty both inside South Africa and abroad about the ANC's politics. There is even plenty of uncertainty within the ANC. The Freedom Charter provides few details about what an ANC government would do. "A journalist from South Africa called the other day and asked what our tax policy was," says Tom Sebina, ANC spokesman in Lusaka. "Luckily she knew as little about taxes as we do."

Is the group, as Botha portrays it, "a terrorist organization controlled by the Communist Party. . . murdering innocent people, not only white people but black people"? Or is it, as Tambo says, a group that simply wants to build a non-racial society? Is it tied to the Soviet Union or is it a non-aligned democratic nationalist movement?

The government encourages the fears of Western conservatives that the ANC is controlled by international communism. Jan du Plessis, a consultant for South Africa's foreign affairs ministry, says, "Tambo is the man who appears in a blue suit doing the selling to the West. But the image of the ANC isn't the real ANC." Du Plessis reels off names of ANC people with communist affiliations and claims that 19 of the 30 ANC executive committee members are communist. (More reliable academic analysts put the number at 13.) "When the top echelon is controlled by the South African Communist Party, when funding comes from the East bloc, when arms supply and training comes from the East bloc, can you still speak of an independent organization? I don't think so."

ANC leaders say that the ANC is distinct from the South African Communist Party but that they share the same goal of defeating apartheid. "Relations go back 60 years," says Thabo Mbeki, a member of the the national executive committee. Mbeki says he isn't a communist, but that his father Govan is. (Govan Mbeki is serving a life sentence along with Mandela.) Maharaj asks, "What does breaking with the SACP at this stage mean? It means we shouldn't be concentrating our blows against the regime, but turning inwards. Whose interest would that serve except to ensure the formula where white supremacy would survive?"

Du Plessis is right that the Eastern bloc assists the ANC, but the organization also receives substantial help from the West. The ANC's annual budget is roughly $25 million to $40 million a year. The Swedish ambassador to Zambia says his country gave the ANC about $6 million last year. The ambassador estimates that the Soviet Union contributes a similar amount, mostly in the form of weapons. The United Nations High Commission for Refugees is probably the major supporter of the ANC, giving it $10 million to take care of displaced people.

All of which makes it close to impossible to say how a government controlled by the ANC would govern South Africa. On one hand, the exiled ANC leadership would return after traveling and studying around the world, from Lusaka to London to Moscow. These ANC leaders are cosmopolitan in their personal lives but lack practical political experience. This might make them more amenable to getting along with the West but it might also make them less compromising at home. On the other hand, the ANC's allies inside South Africa have lived in relative isolation, cut off from the outside world by travel restrictions imposed by the government. Many are hardened by years of conflict and torture in detention. But they have also engaged in politics in the most American sense of the word: they practice horse trading. They have negotiated and compromised with white authorities about school boycotts, consumer boycotts, and strikes. These leaders might be more inclined to spurn the West, which ignored their plight for so long, but might well be more pragmatic about shaping the kind of society they want.

ONE OF THE biggest questions is how the ANC would reorganize the South African economy. The exiled ANC leadership need not look beyond the city limits of Lusaka to see how African governments have failed to manage their economies well. Tambo foresees "a mixed economy, and certainly nationalization would take into account the realities of the situation." Perhaps chastened by Zambia's disastrous venture in state copper mining, the ANC is reassessing its official commitment to nationalize the country's gold mines, according to sources close to the ANC. But the ANC's allies inside South Africa don't share the same experience. One sympathetic union leader dismisses Zambia's economic decline as "capitalist exploitation" and "colonialism." He says he doesn't draw any lessons for South Africa.

Although it is obviously in the ANC's interest to display a moderate image now, the fact is that the organization has been remarkably consistent in its views for more than three decades. At Mandela's sentencing in 1964, he expressed his admiration for Western parliamentary systems, and said that he was not a communist. But he added that the wealth of South Africa had to be redistributed. If an ANC government comes to power, it likely will show more moderation than other revolutionary groups in Africa. At the same time, this moderate course is sure to include dramatic efforts to reduce the wealth of the five major white-run corporations that control most of the economy and to redress the misery of three million unemployed blacks.

Another sign of the ANC's moderation is its continuing effort to appeal to and enlist the support of whites. Even ANC violence directed against the white community is explicitly intended not to drive the whites out, but, in Mandela's words, to "bring them to their senses." In the past year the ANC has tried to woo white South Africans by meeting with white businessmen, opposition politicians, and Afrikaner students. In New York recently, Mbeki dined with the chairman of the Broederbond, a secret society of white South Africa's power elite. White

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households, chosen at random, recently received letters from the ANC. Postmarked from Zimbabwe with drawings of a giraffe and a lion on the envelope, the letter beckoned to whites by citing the deteriorating economy, the falling rand, high interest rates, and heavy taxes. "The standard of living of most South Africans is dropping daily," the letter said. Warning of further bloodshed, the letter added, "Do not delude yourself that the war will simply go away. It won't."

Such appeals are an essential part of the ANC's strategy. Not even the toughest proponents of violence within the organization view it as the sole means of achieving a change in government. Mbeki doesn't envision himself rolling into Pretoria on top of a Russian tank. Nor does he envision a South African version of the storming of the Bastille or the takeover of the Winter Palace of the czar. The ANC still counts on the government negotiating. Mbeki says violence is only part of that scenario, along with black unrest, international sanctions, economic decay, the collapse of local government, strikes, and the ANC's mere survival. "You shoot and you shoot and shoot and people keep coming at you. What perspective can Botha have? The more force he uses the more there's trouble. He is obliged to find a solution," Mbeki says.

The underlying assumption for that scenario is that the crisis of confidence among whites will deepen. Both English and Afrikaans-speaking white South Africans have indeed lost their optimism in the past two years. Although almost completely insulated from the unrest in the townships, whites no longer have the religious sense of mission and destiny that bolstered them in earlier decades. Today the only white South Africans not wracked with political doubts are the supporters of the Afrikaner Resistance Movement, whose flag bears a striking resemblance to the Nazi swastika. Whites in Johannesburg joke about a television program to teach people Zulu. A white father says to a friend that his son is learning the Zulu alphabet. The friend says, "Really?" "Yes," the father answers, "it starts with A, N, and C." Mbeki points hopefully to capital flight, to absenteeism for military reserve duty, and to the high rate of emigration. For the first time, white South Africans are realizing that they may not be able to persevere by force alone.

MANY ANC SUPPORTERS believe that if negotiations ever get off the ground, they will take place the way negotiations took place over an end to school boycotts. After months of chaos in the primary and secondary schools, black parents got together to push children back into schools. With the blessings of the ANC, a group of parents, teachers, and students talked to reluctant government education officials and won major concessions. Militant students remained unsatisfied, but the old guard—backed by the ANC—brought the students into line.

The biggest obstacle to a negotiated end to South Africa's racial strife is the attitude on the part of both whites and blacks that compromise is a sign of weakness. Afrikaner heroes from the Boer War were "bitter-enders" who never surrendered even after British victory was certain. In 1940s, the most uncompromising political party carried the day. That party, Prime Minister Botha's National Party, still rules.

Blacks draw the same lessons from history. The ANC was founded in 1912, but achieved little when it was willing to compromise. The ANC leaders of the 1950s sound quaintly moderate today. One ANC president helped pay school fees for poor whites. Another ANC president called a stint in prison an opportunity for religious reflection. Even Mandela once said he would be satisfied if the 70 percent black majority were given a minority share in Parliament.

Blacks believe President Botha's limited reforms began only after the bloody 1976 revolt in Soweto by black schoolchildren. Immediately after that uprising, the government backed down on its insistence on teaching blacks in Afrikaans. Last December the Congress of South African Trade Unions, which has half a million members, threatened to burn the passes that restrict blacks' freedom of movement unless the government abolished the pass laws within six months. In April the government did just that, one month ahead of the union deadline and two months ahead of its schedule. The moral of these incidents is made plain in the awkward cheer heard at some rallies and funerals: "Viva the spirit of no compromise!"

ONLY MANDELA can break this stubborn tradition and deal with Pretoria without losing his own credibility. When he was sentenced in 1964 to life imprisonment, he said he was willing to give his life to the struggle against apartheid. After frittering away 22 years in jail and turning down numerous offers for conditional release, he doesn't need to prove himself. He refuses to compromise on his most basic principles—that he be freed unconditionally, that whites share power—while leaving discussion open on practically all other issues. As the personification of the spirit of no compromise, Mandela is the one black who can compromise.

It is risky, of course, to speak with certainty about what the ANC will do as its power grows, and it is risky to place so much hope in a man to whom only a few people have spoken in 24 years. But the risks of inviting Mandela and the ANC to the bargaining table may well be worth taking in light of the looming danger of civil war. The only political choice that remains in South Africa is to negotiate with Mandela or to let him die in jail. If Mandela, now 68 years old, does die before being released, South African authorities anticipate chaos far worse than any they have experienced so far. But if released by a government willing to negotiate, Mandela might be able to alter the strong-willed determination of blacks and whites to stumble from civil strife to civil war. As a father figure, he could help unite warring blacks across political, tribal, and generational lines. Sources close to the ANC say Mandela is even studying Afrikaans so he can appeal to the country's most conservative whites in their own tongue. □

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GATSHA'S GAME

Fearing the dramatic upsurge in the ANC's prestige, more and more South African whites are focusing their hopes on Chief Mangosuthu Gatsha Buthelezi, leader of the KwaZulu homeland and head of Inkatha, a black political party claiming one million members. A proclaimed moderate, Buthelezi espouses a negotiated federal solution, condemns the ANC's commitment to violence, and travels overseas to dissuade foreign businessmen from divestiture. Buthelezi fosters his image by appearing regularly on the state-controlled television. This strategy, while reassuring whites and perhaps reconciling them to the need for change, does little to enhance his credibility among some blacks. "Buthelezi is holding back the struggle; he is confusing the masses," remarked one black student at the University of Cape Town.

Alternately praised as a moderate and assailed as a sellout, Buthelezi defies easy categorization. Since rejecting "independence" for KwaZulu in the mid-'70s, Buthelezi has consistently resisted the Nationalist government's attempts to co-opt him, and has used his position as a platform for opposing apartheid. The government, for its part, uses Buthelezi's criticism to deflect charges that South Africa is a police state. Moreover, in promoting Buthelezi and Inkatha, 95 percent of whose dues-paying members are Zulu, the government plays upon tribal rivalries in an effort to further its divide-and-rule tactic. This strategy has met with some success. As one Xhosa-speaking student put it: "The government is always pushing the Zulus, pushing Buthelezi. What have the Zulus ever done? Most of the prisoners on Robben Island are Xhosa-speaking."

Buthelezi is probably South Africa's most skillful black politician, adept at appropriating the icons of popular resistance to apartheid. This year the government banned all political organizations, except Inkatha, from commemorating the tenth anniversary of the Soweto student uprisings. Inkatha's celebration of June 16 proved more than a little ironic, for a decade ago students labeled Buthelezi a collaborator. In reaction, he formed vigilante groups in Soweto to suppress the students, and instituted Inkatha's "education for nationhood" syllabus in KwaZulu schools to stave off student radicalism.

Inkatha was formed in 1976 and adopted the political imagery of the ANC, the same colors, same songs, and same slogans. While criticizing the ANC for its commitment to violent revolution, Buthelezi, himself a former member of the ANC Youth League, promoted Inkatha as the internal wing of the ANC. The ANC, which had little internal support at the time, encouraged this linkage. A 1977 survey found that roughly half of ANC supporters in KwaZulu also agreed with Inkatha.

In 1980 the ANC broke with Buthelezi, and a verbal duel ensued. At times last year, Buthelezi called the United Democratic Front a front for the ANC, and accused both organizations of encouraging "black on black" violence: "They believe that the only thing that is left to do is to maim, burn, and kill in order to bring about change." Nonetheless, Buthelezi carefully limits his attacks to the ANC's mission in exile, while on the other hand calling for the release of Nelson Mandela and other political prisoners. This strategy may have backfired. As one Zulu student from Umlazi remarked, "Buthelezi doesn't have a position. He hears the people are moving this way so he moves that way. One day he says I know Tambo, another day he says the ANC is trying to undermine my political leadership." According to a number of surveys, in the urban areas around Johannesburg and Pretoria, black support for Buthelezi and Inkatha declined from 28 percent in 1977 to five percent in 1985. More significantly, Buthelezi's popularity has been eroded even among Zulus, falling over the same period from 78 to 33 percent in the predominantly rural KwaZulu/Natal region.

However, Buthelezi maintains a strong power base in KwaZulu through Inkatha. He consciously imitated the one-party systems of Zambia and Tanzania, by having the leadership of his party overlap with the leadership of the local legislative assembly. Since 1978 the promotion of KwaZulu civil servants has partly depended on their standing in Inkatha. In addition, teachers have been pressured to join. Inkatha demonstrated its intolerance of political dissent in 1980 when its *impis* (Zulu warriors) assaulted students at the University of Zululand who had criticized Inkatha. Buthelezi congratulated the *impis*, and later that year the secretary-general of Inkatha announced that they were "now prepared to shed blood when it comes to dealing with those people who make it their hobby to discredit and abuse Chief Buthelezi's stature as our leader." Over the past two years, Inkatha vigilantes, sometimes led by members of the KwaZulu Assembly, have successfully routed UDF activists from several KwaZulu townships.

Despite the increasing popularity of the ANC, it would be a mistake to dismiss Buthelezi. This year he has been responsible for two important political developments. Several months ago Buthelezi warned the 500,000-member Congress of South African Trade Unions (COSATU), the union federation that advocates divestiture, that he would "crush those trade unionists who allow themselves to be used to get at Inkatha and its leadership." This proved no idle threat, for soon afterward he launched the United Workers' Union of South Africa (UWUSA), headed by a senior Inkatha official. On April 4 the KwaZulu/Natal *indaba* (conference) convened, perhaps South Africa's last hope for achieving a federal solution. Its goal: to reverse the fragmentation caused by the homelands policy and to reintegrate KwaZulu and Natal as one political and economic region that would be governed jointly by all ethnic groups. Though invited, the ANC, UDF, and COSATU spurned the *indaba*. Hedging his bets, Buthelezi continues to court Mandela—mindful, perhaps, of how history treated Bishop Abel Muzorewa, the black leader who joined Ian Smith to form the short-lived Zimbabwe-Rhodesia.

LARS WALDORF

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Frisky Business

Men . . .
(New Yorker)

Sincerely Charlotte
(New Line)

A new German film, *Men . . .*, is like a hunk of clay on a potter's wheel, en route to becoming one object or another, taken off the wheel and exhibited before it's finished. The premise: Julius, a prospering businessman in his mid-30s, discovers that his wife, Paula, is having an affair with a hippie artist, Stefan. Julius pretends to leave town for a business conference and, under an assumed name, rents part of Stefan's apartment. (The lover has never met the husband.) The husband, living with the lover, can observe the affair from the other man's perspective. Julius wreaks revenge by converting Stefan from hippiedom to convention.

This premise, I'd say, could be used in two possible ways. First, as a light-fingered "French" farce. The husband, jealous, looking for unique revenge, gets into situations where he has actually to help the lover along in the affair and where he even has to put on a gorilla mask and boxing gloves when Paula comes to Stefan's place for lunch so that she won't recognize him. The Feydeau entanglements, only fiddled with here, could have been cumulatively amusing. Or *Men . . .* could be shaped as only a seemingly superficial farce with strong psychosexual undertow. The husband, found inadequate, goes to live with the man whom his wife thinks adequate, and the lover not only becomes the husband's vicar but also an erotic object to him. A great deal of rough-and-tumble between the two in the film, as well as the title itself, points the way that this version could go.

But the author-director, Doris Dörrie, has chosen neither of these options—or, rather, has somewhat weakly chosen both. She uses farcical elements: when Julius first sees Stefan drive away from the family home, he jumps on a child's bike—the only transport at hand—and tries to pursue. And she uses serious elements: Julius vindictively wrecks Stefan's studio and stabs himself in the thigh. The result is not a daring blend of antinomic forms, it's a mess: we're never convinced that Dörrie really perceives the implications of her material. She seems merely to have thought up a clever premise, and then let it lead her. She says that she prefers making films about men "because the lure of the inexplicable, the incomprehensible and the mysterious always lingers on . . ." A little too uncomprehended, I'd say. Instead of mystery she gets muddle.

Dörrie has further burdened her film with three singularly unappealing actors. With performers other than Heiner Lauterbach (Julius), Ulrike Kriener, and Uwe Ochsenknecht, the film might have had at least momentary pleasures. Not with this doughy trio.

Dörrie's direction is as *vermischt* as her script. The opening has a zing something like Lubitsch: a low-level shot looking up at and along a line of secretaries. The boss (Julius), offscreen, rings for one of them; a curvy blonde rises from the line and walks out of the shot. But much of the film looks like imitation Margarethe von Trotta—camera by Helge Weindler—pastel shades that have nothing much to do with what is happening. And Dörrie ends with a farcical mix-up in one of those passenger dumbwaiters that are common in modern German office buildings, a scene that closes her film in the tonal jumble toward which it has been heading.

The most notable aspect of Isabelle Huppert's *Sincerely Charlotte* is the directorial debut of her sister, Caroline Huppert. The latter is making her first feature here after considerable directing experience in TV and the theater—she directed her sister in a production of Musset's *No Trifling with Love*. Caroline H. immediately shows ease with the camera and a smart sense of editing. Such a commonplace scene as a car crash is handled with the shock of a valid new view. This film is not the debut of a discernibly unique stylist, but it is well-controlled, well-designed work.

Not so the debut of Caroline H. the screenwriter. (She was assisted, but not much, by Luc Beraud and Joelle Goron.) The story lumps together some Chabrol and Sagan derivatives with neither reason nor engaging irrationality. Isabelle H. is a café singer who returns to her flat one night to find, she says, her lover murdered. She hides out with a former lover, now a husband and father busy with his own life; soon she distracts him from his commitments and, fleeing, takes him down the primrose path with her. This is probably meant to be a portrait of a seemingly vulnerable, helpless woman who is in effect an egocentric destroyer, but it's all so incredibly done that it degenerates into plot mechanics that rely more on French-film assumptions than on character.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

"About Last Night . . ." David Mamet's *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* becomes Cinematic Perversity in Hollywood. But the salty, sexy result has some brightness and fun. (Reviewed 8/4/86)

Heartburn. Meryl Streep, bubbling, and Jack Nicholson, burbling, in a comedy-drama about a yuppie marriage that flops. Mike Nichols gets the most out of it in pace and satire, even though it's air pudding. (7/28/86)

A Room with a View. Except for the Lucy, an excellent cast and some lush camera work go some way toward giving Forster's novel another kind of life. (3/24/86)

Vagabond. Fine. An 18-year-old girl, intelligent and aimless, wanders the roads of southern France, going nowhere and getting there. Deeply disturbing performance by Sandrine Bonnaire, excellent script and direction by Agnès Varda. (6/2/86)

SK

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Isabelle H. does her best, and I wish she hadn't. She is an actress of charm and ability, and it's disquieting to see her lavishing her qualities on a scriptwriters' dummy. The man she lures out of his locus is played by Niels Arestrup, too dumpy and uninteresting. But Caroline H., simply as director, shows skill.

Book Note. It's strange, considering the importance of German film, that there has been no competent history of the subject in English. Pierre Leprohon and Peter Bondanella have written books that, in tandem, cover Italian film. Donald Richie has written copiously and enlighteningly on Japanese film history. Roy Armes has written serviceable histories of British and French film. (Additionally there are invaluable histories of particular periods, such as Richard Abel's *French Cinema: The First Wave, 1915-1929* and Lotte H. Eisner's *The Haunted Screen*, about the German 1920s.) But I know of only two attempts to tell the whole German story: *Fifty Years of German Film* by Hans H. Wollenberg (1948), which is a joke, and *The German Cinema* by Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel (1971), which is skimpy. Now comes *The Great German Films* by Frederick W. Ott (Citadel Press, $24.95). It certainly doesn't fill the gap in anything like Richie's way, but it is much better than its popcorn title suggests.

Ott's book—304 large double-columned pages, profusely illustrated—is (despite typos) a readable, useful reference book, a narrative that halts to examine 45 films in detail, from Wiene's *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1920) to Adlon's *Céleste* (1981). His eight sections are logical, even inevitable divisions: The Formative Years 1895-1913, The First World War, The Golden Age 1920-1929, The Sound Film 1930-1933, two sections on film in the Third Reich (before and during World War II), The Postwar Years, and The Emergence of the New German Cinema. Ott's book is not for scholars, as for instance Abel's book pre-eminently is; but it is nicely rewarding for the general reader. Missing: an index.

Two samples. The section on sound opens with a backward look at the work of the pioneering film inventor Oskar Messter. On August 29, 1903, he demonstrated a four-minute sound film in Berlin, using an accompanying disc; between then and 1914 Messter produced over 500 such sound films. (This paral-

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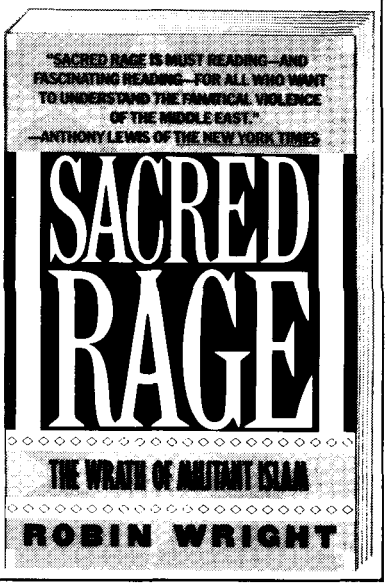
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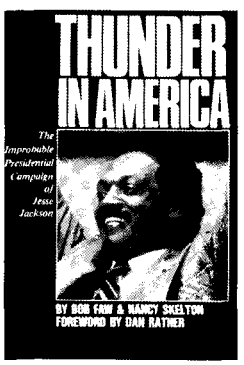
THUNDER IN AMERICA
The Improbable Presidential Campaign of Jesse Jackson
BY BOB FAW & NANCY SKELTON
FOREWORD BY DAN RATHER

Thunder in America
The Improbable Presidential Campaign of Jesse Jackson

by Bob Faw and Nancy Skelton
Foreword by Dan Rather
$16.95 cloth

America had never seen anything quite like Jesse Jackson. He was "Thunder" to the Secret Service, "Reverend" to staff members, "one hundred and ninety pounds of intellectual dynamite . . . a bad dude . . . our savior" to adoring congregations, and a grand-standing Elmer Gantry to his detractors. Jesse Jackson's campaign was both doomed and glorious, both a success and a failure.

Bob Faw has been a correspondent for CBS News since 1980. In 1984 he received an Emmy from the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences for his coverage of the Jackson campaign. The late Nancy Skelton was a staff writer for the *Los Angeles Times* and previously for the *Sacramento Bee*.

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lels the little-known early work on sound films in the United States and elsewhere.) The second section on the Nazi period details Goebbels's obsession to produce an epic called *Kolberg*, about a battle of the Napoleonic wars in which the Germans resisted the French. Says Ott:

> . . . 187,000 soldiers were withdrawn from active service to appear at various times in the crucial battle scenes of *Kolberg*. Additionally, some 4,000 sailors were commandeered to simulate the French attack across flooded fields while 6,000 men provided a cavalry in full regalia.

The year was 1944.

EDWARD ROTHSTEIN ON MUSIC

Making-Believe Crazy

> Because I have no ear for music, at the Concert of the Quintette Club, it looked to me as if the performers were crazy, and all the audience were making-believe crazy, in order to soothe the lunatics and keep them amused.
>
> —Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Journal*, 1861

The passing of a music season is ordinarily an occasion for elevated broodings about marvels and manias gone by. Looking back on this last one, however, I see the season wasn't really there. Events were plentiful, of course, and some were even significant. But the season wasn't there, because for me it existed almost entirely on paper. A confession, now, from a working music critic: I have attended no more than a handful of concerts and operas since September. Another confession: I enjoyed not going.

There are many reasons for this. I am inclined to rest them squarely with the moribund state of musical life, with the relentless repetition of repertory, with unimaginative opera productions, with uneventful virtuosic performances—all of which have taken their toll. But a period of absence was also called for because the concert occasion was itself beginning to interfere with the musical experience. Traditionally the concert has been inextricably bound up with the presentation of music; it has been the music's proscenium, providing its context and community. But the purpose of the concert has become less clear. It can even seem at times an imposition upon music, a dutiful ceremony carried out without conviction.

When Glenn Gould pronounced, more than two decades ago, that "the concert is dead"—abandoning his flourishing international career as the premier concert pianist of our time—it was considered just another eccentricity, a neurotic tic like his taste for bottled water and winter clothing. But he recognized an important aspect of the concert's effect on music: it causes the performer to aim for audience response rather than aesthetic insight. The event turns both the player and the audience into displayers, and music into public theater. The concert, Gould argued from his solitary vantage point, is an event fraught with compromise and distraction.

Reports of the concert's demise are undoubtedly premature, but those compromises Gould outlined are becoming more evident as the concert itself becomes less central to musical experience. A century ago music was heard by the middle-class listener in one of two major ways: by playing it or by hearing it played in the church or concert hall. Now few amateurs play much, while music is heard on records and tapes and CDs, on radio and in Muzak, in television commercials, in taxicabs, in movie theaters. The concert may well now be one of the few ways in which music can be listened to with concentration. Paradoxically enough, that seems to make the inherent distractions and defects of the concert all the more obvious.

The problem is that the concert is no longer an inherently "natural" event at the center of our musical life. Its customs can even seem somewhat arbitrary. The Western concert in its current incarnation is but one form of listening and performing. The Indian raga, for example, is tied to a time of day and inducts the listener into a meditative poise in relation to the music; the art music of Korea is highly ritualized and is performed in specified costume; the musics of much of tribal Africa are tied to natural events and religious ceremonies.

Similarly, there was a time in the West when concerts took place not in special halls but in municipal gathering places or private homes. There was a time when swooning at music was a far more sophisticated response than making loud percussive sounds with the hands. There was a time when conversation during opera was commonplace rather than rude. There was a time when programming customs allowed concerto soloists to display cavalierly their own compositions in between movements of others. It is clear, in fact, in the music criticism of the 19th century that the manners of the contemporary concert had not yet solidified. In Shaw's music criticism, for example, one reads of extravagant concert evenings lasting for hours; of arguments about the promise and achievement of amateur musical occasions; of debates over whether a concert pitch should be accepted as an international standard.

By now, however, all the forms and formats have long since been decided. The repertory is almost invariably orchestral, and from the 19th century. And a "good" program is quite rigorously defined: a showy overture followed by a concerto with a renowned soloist, then a 20-minute intermission that finally leads into a "serious" orchestral symphony. The concert begins at 8 p.m. and should end no later than 10:15.

These customs represent choices in how we want our music presented. They've been made for particular reasons. The concert is deliberately a formal event, almost mannered. Its meaning can be seen in its rigorous structure. The hall itself is an arena divided into two regions. In one sits the audience; in the other, its musical counterpart, the orchestra. What happens on stage in the orchestra may be understood as an organized musical version of what happens below within the audience. Beginning in disorder, the audience streams in, engaged in conversation, the house lights up. On stage the same thing occurs, each player moving individually to his seat, taking out his instrument, fixing reeds, adjusting drum tension, plucking strings. Both listeners and players are dressed in clothing that is meant to mark off their encounter as special, distinct from the mundane. But there is as yet no community, no bond of sound or silence, above or below. In the audience, early conversation may turn on the musical event about to take place; the orchestra seems engaged in its own musical conversation, full of brief phrases and runs, prelimi-

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nary expectations of the evening's music. Both above and below are anticipations of the event, audible in haphazard disarray.

The arrival of the concertmaster—the lead orchestral violinist—is a turning point: the lights dim and a systematic tuning begins. As the players reach agreement on their common sound, below the stage the individual conversations drift off into their own consanguinity of silence. The climax comes with the entrance of the conductor, for whom the orchestra rises and the audience applauds, the former breaking its just-created seated order, the latter breaking its just-inspired silence. The conductor then stands on the border between order and noise; he organizes the sound on stage and the silence below it, presenting the one to the other. He becomes the focus of attention for all, and presumably then transfers that attention to the music.

The intention would seem to be the creation of a community bound up in the music. But what is that community seeking? Is there anyone at a concert who wouldn't feel more comfortable were there no one crowding the armrest next to him, or opening candies, or casually reading ads in the program book? Is there anyone who wouldn't rather be listening without all those other people? Yet is there anything more distressing and distracting than a half-empty concert hall? What function does the concert serve?

It may be that the concert is best understood as a type of ritual. Rituals, the anthropologists tell us, are part of a culture's way of comprehending and shaping the universe. They display a vision of a social order and of that order's place in the natural world. A concert, like a ritual, takes place in a hallowed place: the temple here is a hall, a chamber, even a cathedral. The concert also involves a gathering of devotees, who share beliefs in the powers of the ritual and the intrinsic force of its contents and context. The deities to whom appeals may be made are the enshrined musical gods of the Western tradition.

In fact the concert ritual is closely linked with the 19th-century repertory with which it came to maturity. It gives that repertory meaning as part of a social occasion. The music itself—the great symphonic works of bourgeois composers ranging from Beethoven to Mahler—bears a mysterious relationship to the development of modern society, and the sacrifices such a society required. The music made for the concert hall is music that tells, in effect, how concert halls came to be. The orchestral program—beginning with a showpiece and proceeding through a concerto to a symphony—suggests the creation of a community, from unrestrained ego, through confrontation and dialogue, to serious social enterprise. (Lévi-Strauss has argued, in fact, that beginning in the late Renaissance, and reaching a climax in the 19th century—the period of the coming to maturity of the concert form—music began to take over the function of myth in society.) The ritual, then, is a reenactment of what may be a perennial subject of Romantic music: how the individual, like the concert-goer, may through introspection, dream, and reflection emerge transformed, as part of a new social order—the audience. The underlying belief is in the renewability of bourgeois society itself.

But the concert, like many once-vital social rituals, has changed. It now seems to recount its myths without conviction. It turns art into artifice; it is no accident that one of the most highly ritualized settings for the presentation of music, the Metropolitan Opera House, has witnessed a fall in attendance this season, and New York's other established temple, the New York Philharmonic, has had trouble in the recent past. This is disturbing because one purpose of the concert is a confirmation of shared values, a celebration and enactment by a civilized community that finds displayed in its art its secrets and sources. If the concert is just now reaching the end of its ritualistic power, it is because that confirmation has come to seem hollow.

This is not a judgment on the aesthetic merit and genius of these works, which mark one of the greatest flowerings of artistic achievement in human history. It is a statement about the significance that music has for us. For though we worship and enshrine our musical gods in the concert hall, there is little compelling evidence of their continued power over our notions of the social and metaphysical worlds. This crisis is, of course, hardly restricted to the concert hall, and hardly to be celebrated. A society without communal myth is left only with private desire.

MOSCOW'S MISSION

The Soviet Paradox: External Expansion, Internal Decline

by Seweryn Bialer

(Knopf, 391 pp., $22.95)

One of Washington's most enduring illusions is that the United States has the power to alter the foundations of Soviet international behavior by influencing its domestic system. In one way or another, every phase of American policy toward the Soviet Union since World War II—from containment in the 1940s through détente in the 1960s to economic denial in the 1980s—has been based on this belief. It has proved consistently wrong. Still, it is a deep-rooted perennial, fed by hopes instead of facts. We may be sure that we have not seen the last of it.

Wishful thinking might have less of a hold on us if the facts were clearer. Despite enormous progress over the last 40 years in understanding the Soviet Union, however, Western scholars remain divided over the most crucial questions. What is the role of domestic forces in Soviet foreign behavior, and vice versa? Is the Soviet system in crisis, and if so, how does that affect its foreign policy? On these issues the experts disagree not only about the conclusions, but even about the premises and the basic data.

Seweryn Bialer of Columbia University has written an excellent book that addresses just these problematic questions. It is the best account yet written of the relationship between Soviet domestic and foreign policies. Books like this are uncommon, and one reason is the relationship of Russia-watchers to their craft. Most specialists in this field are trained either in Soviet domestic affairs or in Soviet foreign affairs, but seldom in both; and among the domestic specialists there are wide gulfs separating the disciplines, especially political science and economics. Add the formi-

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dable language barrier and the aridity of most Soviet sources, and one understands why, despite an army of Sovietologists, there are few who will take on the large, accursed questions, and fewer still who can do so with authority and skill.

Bialer is a leading scholar at the height of his powers, and he performs in this book the tour de force of drawing from the full range of the specialized literature on Soviet affairs and turning it into a broad and highly readable statement on the Soviet condition. His basic thesis is contained in his title. The essence of the "Soviet paradox" is that since the mid-1970s the Soviet Union has been in a state of internal crisis and yet at a peak of military power, which it has used to support an expansionist foreign policy. The Soviet Union is simultaneously a conservative power at home and a revolutionary one abroad. Its internal conservatism weakens it within, while its foreign ambitions—unbalanced because based largely on military power—ultimately weaken it without.

The book's argument turns on three propositions: the Soviets' internal conservatism is ineradicable and will prevent any long-term revitalization of the domestic system; this in turn will eventually produce a lag in military power; and finally, since it has few other foreign policy resources, the Soviet Union will find it increasingly difficult to play the role of a global power. In sum, the Soviet Union has peaked, both as a political system and as a great power.

In thus paring the book down to its vertebrae, I am hardly doing justice to the richness of Bialer's arguments and his careful balancing of them, to say nothing of the many ancillary themes he addresses along the way. But the central propositions are so important and so controversial that I will focus on those, particularly on the crucial connections between economic performance and military power.

THE FIRST question is the outlook for the economy, the fundamental resource of empire. As recently as the early 1960s the Soviet Union still appeared on its way to catching up with the West, at least in industrial output. Its growth rates were faster (though they were far outstripped by Japan and West Germany), and its technological gains appeared impressive. When Khrushchev unveiled a Party Program in 1961 that promised to surpass the United States in all major economic categories within a generation, it was not an entirely baseless boast.

But sometime around 1970 the Soviet economy peaked. Growth did not stop, but it steadily slowed. As Gorbachev himself observed in a recent speech, Soviet industrial output reached 70 percent of that of the United States and then it fell back. Soviet technological innovation deteriorated. In 1972 Soviet agriculture endured the first of what would soon become a regular series of crop failures. Official consumer programs stagnated, while black markets of all sorts grew as never before.

This was more than a cyclical recession, Soviet-style. Rather, as Bialer explains, it was the cumulative effect of the policies of the last 30 years: shortsighted and unrealistic planning, deterioration of the work ethic, continued isolation from the world economy, and weak technology policy. The result is an uneven patchwork of the developed and the undeveloped, a system saddled with archaic economic institutions and outmoded attitudes—in short, the result of an unsuccessful quest for modernity. The hammer and sickle—"hand tools which belong to the past and represent a bygone era"—are singularly appropriate emblems, Bialer concludes, of communism today.

These facts are familiar enough to many Western readers, but there has been enormous controversy over what they mean, and what the new leaders may be able to do about them. In the long run, bad economic performance, and the bad political management underlying it, cannot fail to weaken the Soviet system's most basic sources of stability. For authority we have no less than the Soviet leaders themselves. As Boris Yel'tsin, the dynamic new Party boss of Moscow, bluntly told his fellow leaders at the Party Congress last February, "We must not be mesmerized by the steady political stability of the country. How many times can one allow the same mistakes and not take into account the lessons of history?" But such a weakening of the regime's foundations will take a long time. In the meantime, it has enormous reserves, beginning with abundant (if costly) natural resources. If the Soviet system is in crisis, Bialer concludes, it is a crisis of effectiveness, not of survival; and almost all of the Western economists who are familiar with this subject will agree with him.

Mikhail Gorbachev has come to power committed to a "radical reform" of the economic system, and the reader will find in this book a thorough review of his early moves (Bialer's story ends on the eve of the recent Party Congress in February). But most Western observers are of two minds about whether Gorbachev can really make a difference. On the one hand, so much inherited waste and irrationality surely create an enormous potential for improvement that can be mobilized even without a radical change in the system. On the other hand, the obstacles to change are so awesome that it is hard not to conclude that the domestic system has entered a long phase of decline that will not be reversed in this century.

PARADOXICALLY (this is, after all, a book about paradoxes) both views are probably true. In the short and the middle run, Gorbachev may well succeed in harnessing wasted economic energy by rationalizing the planners' priorities (above all by reversing the systematic neglect of the machinery sector under Brezhnev), by allowing limited individual enterprise in services and farming, by exploiting the more obvious opportunities for saving energy and other raw materials, and by increasing the rewards and penalties applied to workers. But in the long run, Bialer argues, Gorbachev will not be able to overcome the basic problems, because that would require reaching for solutions outside the boundaries of the system, which remains essentially Stalinist.

The underlying issue is whether the Stalinist system inherited by today's leaders is an indivisible whole, or whether parts of it can be modernized or thrown overboard without sacrificing some essential core. (Defining that core, of course, is the most difficult part of the exercise for the Soviet leaders, not least because that is not the sort of issue that one can simply raise at a Politburo meeting on a Thursday afternoon.) The last 30 years have shown that at least some of the Stalinist system's worst aspects can be thrown off. Mass terror, for example, is clearly a thing of the past. But in the end, Bialer believes, the Stalinist system will not be undone in our time.

The reasons are partly ideology, partly practical politics, partly national character. The legacy of Stalin and Brezhnev fits the mold of Russian tradition and culture. Aversion to risk and spontaneity, a distrust of one's own instincts and those of one's fellow citizens—these set the Russians decisively apart, say,

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from the Chinese, whose modernization, Bialer believes, is much more likely to be successful.

The core of the Soviet system is centralized administrative control, particularly of prices and of allocation of resources and commodities. To these a traditional Russian conservatism has added employment stability and limits on legally permitted inequalities. To reform this system requires opening it up to uncertainty, tolerating inflation and unemployment, putting up with nouveaux riches, enduring competition and disruption from the world economy. But above all, reform means accepting weakened central control. No wonder Soviet discussions of reform seem strangely trivial, and even pathetic; the reformers are seeking "a fire that will not burn."

This process and its outcome, it should be emphasized, are entirely out of American hands. No combination of policies pursued in Washington will significantly help or hinder the Soviet economy, because the performance and evolution of this system are shaped by larger historical forces, unleashed in the last century and not to be resolved in this one. Even at the height of its global power, when for 20 years it applied a systematic embargo on East-West trade, the United States was unable to influence Soviet economic performance. Today the Soviets can find alternative sources of everything from grain to microchips; the leverage of the United States is smaller than ever.

BUT IF, in some ultimate sense, the Soviet system has peaked, that implies that the resources available for its foreign policies will eventually become weakened or constrained. This is the crucial hinge between the "internal" and "external" halves of Bialer's book. First, empires are expensive. To the earlier burdens of Cuba and Eastern Europe is now added a gaggle of poor client states that the Soviet Union acquired in the 1970s, requiring tens of billions in annual subsidies. Soviet economic stagnation brands Marxism-Leninism an economic loser before the whole world and thus denies the Russians what is ultimately the greatest resource of a great power: prestige. Gorbachev, in his speeches, returns constantly to this theme. For the role that the Soviet Union wants to play in the world, muddling through is not enough; socialism, in Gorbachev's view, must prove anew that it can compete with capitalism, and the contest, today more than ever, is economic and technological.

In the meantime, the Soviets' major trump in the world is military power, and the central issue is whether it will be weakened by their relative economic and technological stagnation. This could happen in two ways: either the Soviet leaders will slow down the growth of military spending to concentrate on the civilian economy, or technological lag will prevent them from making up-to-date weapons. In fact, Bialer argues, the two are linked: if the leaders insist on maintaining the present military burden, the civilian sector will remain backward and will drag the military sector down with it. Only if Gorbachev transfers military resources to civilian investment will he be able to create the new industries and technologies to produce tomorrow's modern weapons. But the Soviet elite is so obsessed with security that it is unlikely that such a shift will occur on the necessary scale.

Bialer's analysis depends, then, on an important assumption: that the priorities of civilian investment and military spending compete with one another. It is a fact that, in the short term, a ruble invested on the civilian side is a ruble denied to the military side. As Bialer puts it, the issue is not "guns vs. butter," but "guns vs. butter and investment." But Gorbachev and his advisers are undoubtedly telling the Soviet military that there is an up-side to this relationship as well; in the longer term, a ruble invested in modernizing the civilian economy creates the basis for more modern weapons too. What the Soviet military give up today they will get back tomorrow.

But what if Gorbachev fails in his effort to transform the Soviet industrial base? The arsenal of war is being transformed before our eyes by a massive application of new materials, microelectronic circuitry, computers, software, and information networks. Without a thoroughgoing reform of the system, Bialer argues, the Soviet Union cannot meet the challenge of this "second industrial revolution."

One must be very cautious here. How often have we heard in the past that the Soviets could never build nuclear weapons, space satellites, MIRVs, advanced guidance systems, and the like? It is probably true that the Soviets will be unable to keep up with the leading edge of the latest new technologies. But that has been true since the beginnings of So-

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viet industrialization in the 1930s; indeed, it has been the Russian pattern for centuries.

Instead, in each generation the Soviets (like their czarist predecessors) have developed strategies for coping with their weaknesses. These strategies are straightforward: (1) focusing new technologies on the highest military and political priorities (for example, the Soviets long skirted the problem of inadequate phone lines by developing restricted telephones, and they are now applying the same approach to data-transmission lines); (2) limiting access to sensitive technologies to the most trusted and the most qualified; (3) using foreign example as a leaven for native innovation, or drawing on foreign imports to get high-priority programs off to a fast start; (4) relying on ingenuity in design to find low-technology alternatives that can bypass Soviet shortcomings; (5) designing conservatively and cheaply so as to produce each new weapons system in large numbers, thus offsetting whatever edge the opponent may have from superior technology.

THE SOVIETS are applying all of these techniques as they respond to the latest generation of technologies. The initial Soviet answer to the Strategic Defense Initiative, for example, will be to produce more offensive warheads and missiles. Soviet military intelligence and the KGB have expanded their systems for acquiring sensitive foreign technologies for military-industrial customers. Advanced computer centers and communications systems are being developed in high-priority institutions. Ironically, it is precisely when the Soviets depart from such strategies that they run into trouble—for example, in the current campaign to promote mass computer literacy, which appears to be headed for disaster.

The point is not that these devices enable the Soviets to keep up with the West, but only that they save them from falling too far behind. Experts tell us the Soviets trail the West in computer technology by five to ten years, about the same lag as a decade ago. But staying ten years behind the leaders in such a rapidly growing field is not such a bad achievement. The Soviets enjoy the advantages of being a follower. And their performance, incidentally, has very little to do with Western export controls; the Soviets have managed to get where they are today in computer technology despite some of the strictest regulations at our disposal.

In sum, the proposition that the Soviet "crisis of effectiveness" will constrain Soviet military power will probably turn out to be a vain hope. To preserve strategic parity with the United States, to maintain conventional power on two fronts, to project power on the periphery of their own borders, and to supply serviceable weapons to their clients, the Soviets do not need to be at the absolute leading edge of technology. The Soviets have proved this for a generation and they are likely to keep doing so. Despite their undoubted internal economic troubles, in short, the Soviets are likely to be able to maintain and even increase their military strength at less cost and with less disruption than Bialer argues they will. In other words, the Soviet paradox could well continue indefinitely, and Soviet foreign policy will not be significantly constrained as a result.

In which case our attention should properly be focused less on Soviet capabilities than on Soviet perceptions and intentions. On these Bialer's book is distinctly unsettling. Make no mistake, Bialer tells us, the Soviets are not like us, except that they have no more liking for us, or real understanding of us, than we have of them. The Soviet Union is anything but a sated, status quo power. It is determined to win recognition for itself as the equal of the United States as a global actor. In this grim setting, the one comfort Bialer offers is that Soviet military power will be constrained. And if one disagrees, as I do, then the outlook is grim indeed.

Our course is nevertheless clear: it is to leave aside the kind of wishful thinking that holds that we can somehow affect Soviet capabilities. Our task, rather, is to take Soviet realities as they are, and to look to our own security and our own interest, of which the first is our common survival. Bialer's book is an excellent place to start.

THANE GUSTAFSON

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REVOLUTION AND REVELATION

The State and Social Transformation in Tunisia and Libya, 1830-1980 by Lisa Anderson

(Princeton University Press, 325 pp., $35)

In their conflicts and disputes, men sometimes accord themselves certain joker cards, which unconditionally authorize the bearer legitimately to believe and do whatever he chooses. God was one such card. Of course, as long as the divine could only manifest itself through prescribed collective rituals and recognized intermediaries, the danger that any one crazed individual would assign this card to himself, and play it without restrictions, was rather limited. (Just this was the danger of Protestant-type religion and the doctrine of equal and direct access: if God may speak through the mind or heart of any individual and is no longer limited to prescribed channels, then individuals may in the end invoke their own inner conviction, and its intensity, as conclusive evidence of divine inspiration and authority.) Modern times have seen the divine joker replaced by another: the revolution. A secular messianism replaced the theological prototype, or gave it a new name. Self-appointed revolutionaries were entitled to use any methods in order to overturn what they deemed to be an illegitimate and corrupt order, in order to bring about a new regenerate world.

What makes Muammar al-Qaddafi so uniquely repulsive, so viscerally nauseating, is that he has dealt himself both of these cards at once and plays them with a careless and callous abandon. Evidently endowed with a private line to the godhead and to the spirit of revolution,

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both of them willing to speak through the muzzle of a gun, he feels fully free to indulge in lethal intervention on a wide variety of issues, many of which do not concern him and which he cannot possibly understand. It is extremely unlikely that he has any idea of the geography, let alone the social context, of the areas within which his oil money is murderously deployed. A French television interviewer asked him about his possible support for Corsican terrorists; I fear that Qaddafi's manifest ignorance of the location, existence, and general nature of the entity known as "Corsica" was not feigned.

IT IS THIS fertile confidence and cocky ease with which he authorizes and finances murder that makes him so repellent. God-intoxicated visionaries of old, and the revolution-intoxicated of the recent past, clearly need to learn that their inner intuitions are not self-authenticating and infallible, especially if they seem to promise a quick and easy (if bloody) salvation. But here is a man who is prey to both these delusions simultaneously—and is protected by being the head of a sovereign state and by the wealth of oil.

At the time of the American bombing of Tripoli, it was widely pointed out that Qaddafi was not the only paymaster and protector of terrorism. Why, then, pick on him? But there is a difference. The president of Syria—to take a favored candidate for such treatment—no doubt does much the same, and perhaps more of it. But the president of Syria is a straightforward politician who authorizes killing if, but presumably only if, he has reason to think that such killing will be to his advantage. Assassination is expected to be *zweckrazional*, not *wertrazional*. This makes him resemble in kind (even if perhaps he exceeds in degree) many other practitioners of realpolitik, and it inspires the hope that it may be possible to negotiate with him rationally.

Or take Khomeini: there you have no Shiite Machiavelli, but rather a practitioner of politics of genuine and deep conviction, not of horse dealing. If he orders killings, as he does, it is not from facile caprice, legitimated by an instant self-attribution of universal license. The fundamentalism and the absolutism of his politics flow from a long-standing, deeply thought-out religious philosophy, which has permeated his whole being for many decades; which he has upheld through thick and thin, at much cost and with risk to himself; and which he has developed and modified by prolonged, serious, and deep reflection. One may find his ideas alien and unacceptable, and the social order that they engender repellent, but it is hard not to accord some measure of respect to the manner in which those ideas are held. Atlantic civilization could never have become what it now is had not some of its ancestors held their theological convictions with a ruthless and total zeal. It cannot consistently withhold all sympathy from a man and a regime whose chief defect is that they take their religious faith literally and seriously.

But Qaddafi is different. His facile and volatile mishmash of Moslem fundamentalism and populist-revolutionary romanticism is deployed with a reckless and slapdash irresponsibility, not only toward consequences but also toward the inner logic of the ideas themselves. The question arises: How was Qaddafi possible? How could he happen?

THERE ARE at least three levels at which an answer to this question could be attempted. One can look at the historic background, the traditions and the inherited political culture (or lack of either) within which Qaddafi operates. One could look at the social mechanisms that he deploys internally and that enable him to survive. And one could look at the ideological elements that inspire him and provide him with an idiom.

Of these three kinds of explanation, Lisa Anderson's welcome book concentrates on the first. She begins, very properly, with a historic overview of the North African traditional state. The autonomous principalities that emerged on the North African shore under Ottoman suzerainty were not states in a modern sense, even less so than most premodern political units. They had at best a partial and fluctuating control over their hinterland. Their income depended on piracy and trade (Mediterranean and Saharan); their relations to the tribal backwoods, or rather back-savanna, depended on a complex pattern of religious and political patronage, and negotiation and balance of power; their internal organization, hierarchy, and cohesion depended on the Mamluk system, on cooptation and training of outsiders to form a ruling elite distinct from its own society. The modern world deprived them of their old economic bases. It im-

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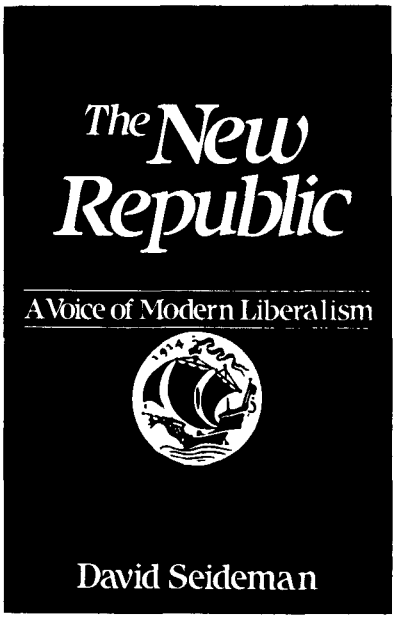

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pelled them toward political centralization and incorporation in a market economy, and into a new, less discontinuous relation between center and periphery, state and society. The change was traumatic, and it was resented by society even more than it was by the old privileged power-holders. Colonial domination was either superimposed on the old polity, painfully endeavoring to transform itself, or for a time replaced it altogether.

ANDERSON'S book is a comparative study of two cases, Libya and Tunisia. The two countries present sharply contrasting developments. Tunisia is heavily urbanized and also possesses extensive and continuous regions suitable for peasant farming. The precolonial state (strictly speaking, the earlier Ottoman/Mamluk version of a colonial state) had a marked continuity with the French colonial protectorate, which in turn was continuous with the post-independence state. A civil society, an educated, experienced, and well-heeled bourgeoisie emerged. Under Bourguiba the country has known stability, ideological moderation and compromise, and a measure of liberalism and pluralism (notwithstanding a nominally one-party system).

The fate of Libya was different. From the start, of course, the balance of urban and settled areas to tribal fastnesses was far less favorable. Moreover, the extensive but thinly populated area now known as Libya consists of three distinct and diverse regions that have little to bind them together. The colonial power arrived late and abruptly. It had no coherent theory or practice of using local intermediaries. The post-colonial state was based, rather, on a Moslem religious brotherhood, which did have roots in some tribal areas but not in the more developed towns, where it was therefore imposed. When Qaddafi swept this regime away in 1969, without much difficulty, and inherited the oil wealth, he was also faced with something about as close to a political vacuum as he could wish. Any inclination to political messianism could be indulged with relatively little resistance from a pre-existing and solid social order. Such an order was not, of course, wholly absent: Libya was not altogether a political tabula rasa. But the strength of the social order, its mass as it were, was not great; it did not constitute much of an obstacle to a military dictatorship endowed with fantastic revenues.

Such an explanation has a good deal of plausibility, and a measure of validity, though one must note that it fails to work in other comparable cases. Some small (or indeed not so small) oil sheikhdoms, whose civil societies also could not offer serious resistance to the oil-sustained new power, nevertheless fell neither to soldiers nor to ideologues, let alone to soldiers who were ideologues. Perhaps the fact that they had acquired power by their own efforts, and not received it gratis from a decolonizing power, made a crucial difference. On the other hand, Ghana, for instance, entered the age of independence with an educated and competent bureaucracy and a prosperous, long-established bourgeoisie; and, unlike Tunisia, it was even endowed with a prosperous economy. But all these advantages did not prevent Nkrumah from indulging in ideological fantasy and ruining his country in the process. So historic continuity and a robust social order, though clearly relevant, cannot provide the whole explanation.

THE INNER logic of the ideology deserves some attention. Islam is a confident religion, sure of its access to the divine, and to the truth concerning the proper ordering of society. In this it does not differ from other world religions but only from modern liberalism, which finds such confidence unwarranted and offensive. It does differ from other world religions, however, in its protestantism, in its insistence on symmetry of access to God for all believers, through scripturally available revelation. And this could lead, in turn, to self-righteous and indulgent enthusiasm, with any self-selected individual setting himself up as an original interpreter and implementer of the vision, as a remembrancer of the faith.

In practice, however, this does not happen, or it happens only very rarely. Islam tends to be a stable moral order, with well-oiled mechanisms or institutions for determining the socially effective content of the faith. In traditional Islam, this role was divided between two complementary and rival institutions: the incarnation of the sacred in living saints and the associated saint cults and saintly patronage networks (known in the literature as religious orders or brotherhoods), and the open stratum of scholars-theologians-lawyers, in possession of an established corpus of ritual and legal prescriptions.

A major revolution has occurred within Islam in the past hundred years: a great shift in the balance from the saints to the scholars. The local structures of tribe and trade, which had sustained the saints by creating a need for arbitration and mediation and communication, have been eroded, while the centralized, more urbanized and literate society has greatly enhanced the social base of the scholars. This shift in the center of gravity does not on its own render the society ideologically unstable and volatile; the scholars are *ex hypothesi* conservative, guardians of a complex body of traditions, which excludes fundamental innovation in principle, and which works by precedent and not by exploration.

Still, the logic by which the shift was justified contains an explosive element, and this was available for use by anyone with the appropriate inclination. The major premise was that only the divine Word is to be revered, and that its self-appointed brokers are illegitimate. Applied with rigor and without compromise, this idea can be turned not only against the often illiterate and ritually indulgent, extravagant saints but also against the scholars themselves. The corpus of interpretation that they have built up over many centuries is, after all, but a human artifact. Where is its genuine authority?

THIS IS precisely what Qaddafi has done. By pushing the rigor of the pervasive reform movement to its extreme logical conclusion, he has pulled the prayer mat from under the scholars, just as they had done to the saints. He has eroded the standing of what is perhaps the most remarkable and long-standing institution within Islam.

This links up, moreover, with the mechanisms of his internal rule. The institutional framework of the territory making up Libya was in any case weak, as Anderson shows. The brotherhoods were de-legitimated by their association with the preceding Sanusi regime and its corruption, and by well-known general arguments against the legitimacy of religious mediation. Wealth was de-legitimated by the appeal to socialism. The possessions of the new Western technological revolution were de-legitimated by the religious fundamentalism. The scholars in turn were de-legitimated by turning their God-only logic on their

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own tools of trade, the corpus of established interpretation. And finally, the authority of the functionaries and bureaucrats was undermined by a Maoist-style populist cultural revolution, and a threat from below: each bureaucrat needs to fear not only his superiors and the intrigues of his fellows, but also the sanctions of the will of the people, encouraged to manifest itself from below. By the time all this is in operation, no one can be certain of anything, and something like a political tabula rasa has indeed been created. In such a realm, nobody can say nay to the man with the gun, who speaks in the name both of God and of the people; and there is no independent way of checking either message—though of course the two real pillars of power, oil and army, are exempt from all this corrosion.

Underlying modern revolutionary romanticism there is not only the illegitimacy of the old order, and the justification of any methods of its overthrow by the self-appointed agents of the future order. There is also a sense of the illegitimacy of institutions as such, and the aspiration toward their replacement by an ever-fresh, direct, spontaneous, institutionally unconstrained will of the people. No rule-bound institution is to stand between that will and its implementation. Any institution, any insistence on procedural propriety, is inherently but an obstruction of spontaneous expression of popular will, and hence a kind of betrayal.

This populist intuition pervades Qaddafi's theory and (very selectively) his practice, and blends with the intuitions springing from an extremist application of reformist Islamic ideas, which in any case pervade the Moslem world. Here we have the self-righteousness of the reforming Moslem, but freed from the varied constraints that Moslem culture normally places on it. It is fused with the romantic, unrestrained cult of the people and of the revolution, a cult born of a lack of logical and social constraints in the first place. It was inevitable that someone should combine the two sentiments. It was a disaster that he should be a man in control of an oil-rich state. And if the catastrophe had to happen, it was indeed most likely to occur in Libya, an artificial unit devoid of continuity with any precolonial or colonial polity, to an extent unusual in the Third World. Something very loosely similar also happened in Algeria, which like Libya has but a shadowy precolonial past and also went through a socially corrosive, pulverizing colonial experience. But both fundamentalism and revolutionary romanticism were comparatively more moderate in Algeria, and the second element at least is now on the wane. This polity evidently carried a far greater social ballast.

Anderson tells us something, but not enough, of the manner in which this nominally institutionless Libyan society and polity really function. She tells us of what the decrees proclaimed and proscribed, but not of the surrogate institutions that must inevitably have come into being. For this we shall have to wait for the work of John Davis of the University of Kent, one of the few scholars who have been able to carry out field research in the new Libya. No doubt the Libyan political tabula is not quite as rasa as the official doctrine would wish it. The loyalties of clan and patronage give substance and reality to what is presented as the unmediated will of the people.

In the world as we know it, neither vox dei nor vox populi can function

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without mediating institutions. The accidents of history and geology, however, have allowed one contemporary ruler to indulge at once the fundamentalist fantasy of direct theocracy and the populist fantasy of direct democracy. The spectacle is not an appealing one. But we must take note of its emergence, and be grateful for the light that Lisa Anderson has cast upon it.

ERNEST GELLNER

Ernest Gellner is the author most recently of *Nations and Nationalism* (Cornell University Press).

THE CASE OF THE KGB'S MASCOT

Kangaroo
by Yuz Aleshkovsky
translated by Tamara Glenny

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 278 pp., $17.95)

There was Christopher Robin's kangaroo (Roo). There was Mandelstam's kangaroo "with its strong thesis, the tail." There was D. H. Lawrence's forgettable *Kangaroo*. There was, unforgettably, the wife of the Pooka in Flann O'Brien's apotheosis of blarney, *At Swim-Two-Birds* (though she might not have been a kangaroo at all, come to think of it). Now to eclipse the lot of them comes the eponym of Yuz Aleshkovsky's sidesplitting novel.

But before we get to that, you've probably been wondering why Lenin's little flirtation with free market forces, the so-called New Economic Policy, came to an end. The reason was the index finger of a human hand found near the tiger's cage in the Moscow Zoo. The tiger had eaten the rest of the hand that was supposed to belong to the man killed by Fan Fanych (on contract with the wife). The moment Stalin laid eyes on that finger (Yezhov had brought it to him at once, explaining that it had belonged to a NEP profiteer, the rest of the profiteer, and *a fortiori* the hand, having been consumed by the tiger) he ordered a return to socialism on the spot. The little things history can hinge upon! And here's irony for you: the hand didn't even belong to the intended victim at all—it was bought at the morgue for a bottle of vodka.

Fan Fanych is the hero. He is such a crook that next to him Benya Krik, Babel's Odessa gangster, is a den mother, and such a garbage mouth that Lenny Bruce would faint. He makes veils, sprinkling India ink over the little cotton netting, and he is known to the police of several continents (the veils, however, are legal). To the KGB he is more than known: he is a kind of mascot. They are saving him up for a case worthy of his vileness. Kirov is murdered, triggering Stalin's Great Purge. Fan Fanych thinks: this is it. But no. The murder of Kirov is penny-ante stuff. Hitler invades Russia. This? Not this. The KGB is waiting for something *really* big.

Finally, it comes. An aged kangaroo in the Moscow Zoo (a Royal Holstein, answering to the name of Gemma) has been raped and murdered. At last! Fan Fanych is notified by telephone to get his ass down to the Lubyanka. He is flung into a special cell (a sundial, but no windows), and a professor, a specialist in marsupials, is brought in to help him get into his role: kangaroo rapist and murderer. The crime worthy of Fan Fanych is so heinous that only he, with a little help from specialists, can invent it. For a brief while, he is chemically induced to think that he himself is a kangaroo. When he recovers consciousness from another routine drugging, he finds himself in the courtroom.

At this distance in time, one can look back on the smuggled transcripts of the trials of Joseph Brodsky, Andrei Sinyavsky, and others, and find a certain macabre comedy under the accusations and lunatic questions of the judges and prosecutors. But Aleshkovsky's depiction of the "case of the vicious rape and murder of an aged kangaroo in the Moscow Zoo on a night between July 14, 1789, and January 9, 1905" should discourage any further attempt to capture the frantic black humor of the proceedings in a Soviet court of law.

The first thing Fan Fanych notices is that the "aesthetic dimension" has been taken care of. The spectators are a blur of Soviet national life:

> Turbans, kerchiefs, Caucasian sheepskin hats, felt cloaks, side-buttoned Russian blouses, high boots, Central Asian skullcaps, caftans, and a lot of daggers . . . workers straight off the assembly lines, wiping their hands on their overalls. Peasants with sickles. Intellectuals with note pads. Writers. Generals. Soldiers. Violinists. A lot of famous movie stars. A ballerina. Film directors. Surkov. Fadeev. Khrennikov.

(The last of this infamous trio, Tikhon Khrennikov, the tormentor of Shostakovich, was recently honored by having his music performed in, of all places, Texas. The "cultural exchange" should be the subject of Aleshkovsky's next book.)

As Fan Fanych is the greatest crook known to the KGB, this is the greatest of Soviet trials, and the model for the future, for the evidence—from the crime itself to its various consequences—is all on film. It is in fact a film-play (it was after all Lenin himself who called the cinema the greatest of the arts), written by and starring Fan Fanych, though he does not remember participating. We see the pitiful corpse. We even see her funeral in Melbourne! We watch the search for the culprit, who is discovered hiding *inside a cow*. He does not recall how he got inside the cow, and, frankly, neither do I.

Nor will I spoil any more of your fun by giving other details of the plot, such as the time in Berlin in 1929 when Fan Fanych picked Hitler's pocket (which led to the Reichstag fire), or his eavesdropping on the Yalta conference (when Stalin's right foot alarmed the dictator by reviling him), or the time in the special labor camp reserved for the Old Bolsheviks, Lenin's original comrades, when he fought a deadly pack of rats led by a rat named Jean-Paul Sartre, or . . . but enough.

The reader with little or no knowledge of Soviet life or history will take pleasure in the bumptious outrageousness of the slapstick story. But the reader familiar with the history, official and unofficial, of the Soviet Union and with the day-to-day texture of Soviet life—the realia, the junk, whatever you can smell or gape at or stop your ears against—will be aware of another dimension altogether. These posters and slogans and ashtrays and overheard conversations and song titles and the omnipresent patriotic

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kitsch that assaults the consciousness everywhere except in the privacy of one's own head at night together constitute a parallel narrative the subject of which is nothing less than the genesis and evolution of the Soviet state.

Dostoyevsky, with his uncanny instinct for pain, said that he found *Tristram Shandy* one of the saddest books in the world. More than one commentator has found something of Sterne's manic digressionary hilarity in Aleshkovsky, but it needs no Dostoyevsky to detect in *Kangaroo*, also, a note of unassuageable sadness. This is heard most distinctly in the camp with the Old Bolsheviks, still true believers, with whom Fan Fanych goes to the first and last Party meeting of his life. He conceives an agonizing pity for the whole bloody mess, in which victims and executioners alike experience only a dull torment.

After the trial there is a chapter of hallucination while he recovers from the drugs. In the midst of this comes the following passage (addressed, like everything else in Fan's monologue, to his friend Kolya). It typifies the islands of somber reflection that one occasionally finds in these hectically funny waters: "I still have no idea how you and I would have gotten through the Soviet regime if we hadn't believed in God, Kolya. Our lives would just have been a miserable, humiliating, everyday hell without Him."

Tamara Glenny deserves to be declared People's Heroic Translator, First Class, for wrestling into English a fiendishly slangy and hopelessly obscene text.

CLARENCE BROWN

Clarence Brown, professor of comparative literature at Princeton, is the editor of Mandelstam's *The Noise of Time*, to be published by North Point Press this fall.

LOVE AND LOATHING

Waking the Dead
by Scott Spencer

(Knopf, 396 pp., $17.95)

Scott Spencer stunned his readers with *Endless Love*. In the opening scene the hero, David Axelrod, described setting fire to the house of his girlfriend's family, and in hypnotic, pounding prose Spencer went on to detail an adolescent passion that dipped into savagery and madness. *Waking the Dead* starts with a similar jolt. The narrator, Fielding Pierce, a politically ambitious young lawyer, learns on the evening news that the woman with whom he has been living has been blown up, along with two Chilean exiles, by some of General Pinochet's thugs. Spencer then follows Fielding's simultaneous rise to political office and his inner collapse as he becomes convinced that Sarah is still alive. *Waking the Dead* labors hard to recapture the urgency and the psychological veracity of David's struggle against society's moral strictures, but it fails.

This is a more sophisticated undertaking than *Endless Love*. Spencer has tackled social maladies—drugs, prostitution, single parenthood—and has written a story about politics as well as about obsession. But first-person narrators are inherently limited, and Fielding's problem makes it worse: he's hopelessly solipsistic. As Sarah once told him, "All you see is what you want." Spencer has turned to writing screenplays in recent years, and *Waking the Dead* marries fast-paced drama to morbid introspection. The alliance is an uneasy one: all the motion and inner turmoil don't propel the plot or develop the protagonist.

The title of the novel is clearly intended to refer as much to Fielding's awakening as to Sarah's. Once again assigning his female character a symbolic role (in *Endless Love* David's girlfriend, Jade, was the emblem of his libido), Spencer sets up Sarah as Fielding's conscience. Where Fielding is facetious and ruthless in pursuit of his cause, she was committed and selfless in hers—left-wing church activism. Sensing that Sarah can release him from his misbe-

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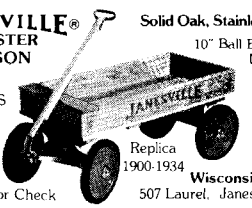
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gotten ideals, Fielding tries to resurrect her as a force in his life. Unfortunately, he is less convincing as a man experiencing moral upheaval than he is as a politician on the make. He frequently and plaintively says he's seeking to be a good man, but more often—and more credibly—he reminds us that he is at heart simply power-hungry and callow.

Part of the fascination of *Endless Love* was the way in which Spencer conjured a passion that consumed the hero and radically altered the lives of everyone around him. He has set himself a more difficult task with Fielding, who merely suffers from self-indulgence. Spencer tries to complicate Fielding's psyche by afflicting him with corrosive self-loathing, but the effect is to make him seem even flatter. He walks into Sarah's funeral "within the soft armor of two snorts of heroin, each the size of a match head. . . . I felt a rip of shame, a revulsion with myself. It seemed crummy to have come to her funeral in a narcotic haze." He allows himself to be taken up by the Chicago political machine, and then is seized with cynicism about the whole sordid process of buying power and lying to voters. He lives with his mentor's niece because she makes a presentable partner, and then scolds himself for his shabby treatment of her. And Sarah, who appears only in flashbacks and a few ghostly visitations, is barely allowed to emerge as anything more than the projection of Fielding's fevered longings—as his "spiritual superior," as "an angel wielding a sword."

Spencer has more in mind than one man's battle with corruption. Yet the class, family, and political dramas he inserts into the plot tend to be hackneyed and hip. Fielding's father is a working-class hero betrayed by his offspring. His brother has become a fast-talking, high-rolling "poly-drug abuser" who gets involved with a Korean whore, and his sister is a struggling artist with two children fathered by a black musician who has abandoned her. Fielding, who started out with an idealistic vision of himself as a crusader for justice, is now the jaded standard-bearer of the family's hopes and America's promise.

In Spencer's portrait of Fielding and his entourage, he shows how lives are decisively shaped by compromise. And Fielding's acerbic observations—about the "chaos of radical Catholics" with whom Sarah works, and about his own irrational behavior—give the novel a few sharp edges. Yet Spencer himself seems confused about the nature of his hero's quest: if Sarah's politics are as naively righteous as he implies, why does he generally endorse Fielding's canonization of her? Spencer fails to support credibly the transformation of an attractive young Kennedy liberal into an embittered pol. When Fielding is campaigning, he feels nothing but contempt for himself—"this grinning fake with a sudden clutch of underlings"—and his vocation, which turns out to be nothing more than a series of "preening, impossible dreams which, to my immense misfortune, I had now brought within my grasp." It is not clear just how much of a grinning fake Fielding is intended to be, or whether any of his nobler aspirations matter.

Scott Spencer's novels have none of the antiseptic gloss that characterizes so much contemporary fiction. Indeed, his popularity is based in large part upon his willingness to dramatize reckless passion. In *Endless Love* he verged on sensationalism; in *Waking the Dead* he stumbles into melodrama and self-parody. Here's Fielding's initial reaction to Sarah's death: "It was like colliding with a self who had always been curled within me but whose presence I'd never suspected—just as the self who had once seized Sarah's love had taken me by surprise." His rationalization of his affair with Juliet, his relationship with her uncle, and his lust for power:

> Ambition is the ice on the lake of emotion. . . . I took out my aggressions where they might do the most good. . . . And if that wasn't enough, I could always bomb up and down the Outer Drive with the radio blasting, until I exhausted myself into enough docility to sleep through the night and get myself ready for another day of my crusade—a crusade that had begun, as most crusades had, with the highest ideals and the best intentions but during which I had begun to forget about the fallen torches I had once wanted to retrieve, the terrible wrongs I had once wanted to redress, and now the long bloody trek to Jerusalem was something generated by the fuel from a deeper and a darker source: the grade-A crude of ego.

His observation that his life is coming undone: "The election was slipping away from me. And Sarah. Like a shadow over the skylight, like a whisper in the dark, like footsteps in the snow that make a trail to the edge of a precipice. . . ."

Spencer tries too hard both to sustain his reputation as a popular novelist and to earn recognition as a serious writer. What drama there is in *Waking the Dead* is created less by the drummed-up suspense over Sarah's fate and Fielding's incipient breakdown than by Spencer's simple powers of observation. When he drops the sentimental probing and big themes and turns to plainer description, the novel finally breathes. So does Fielding—and even the saintly Sarah. During a Christmas visit with Sarah's parents in New Orleans, she is shown bickering with her parents, seducing Fielding, and childishly taunting her grandfather, Eugene:

> Tammy had his arm as we walked toward the car and Sarah walked behind, doing a grotesque imitation of her grandfather's feeble shuffle. Tammy bit her lip to keep from laughing. Mrs. McAndrews watched from the window. Eugene, of course, was wholly unaware of Sarah's mean joke. And I was startled to feel what I was feeling—a desire to take Sarah by the shoulders and shake her.

This impulse reveals more than any of Fielding's tortured ruminations on love, death, and life's "long hopeless orbit."

DOROTHY WICKENDEN

HARDWOOD

With a shudder and a pop and a crack,
  resurrection-sounds startle me awake.
I rush into the living room. The dead
  fireplace log is all ablaze in the dark.
What had been cold white char now is dancing
  behind the screen, David before the Ark.

That's the way it is with hardwood. It holds
  its smoldering deep inside for an age,
suddenly to burst into flame again.
  Until you came like Abishag one night,
I'd been waiting for that second life too.
  Unlike David, I rekindle, burn bright.

ROBERT PHILLIPS

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Writers and the Spanish Civil War.

THE WOUND THAT WILL NOT HEAL

BY ALFRED KAZIN

LAST SUMMER I was at the University of Salamanca, virtually my first time in Spain, to talk with students about American poetry and to celebrate the centenary of that distinguished American fascist Ezra Pound. On the walls of the mighty cathedral there was still left from the opening days of the Civil War, and in the largest possible letters, JOSE ANTONIO, in honor of José Antonio Primo De Rivera, the leader of Spanish Fascism, the Falange, who was shot shortly after Franco led the forces of the right into rebellion against the democratically elected Republic. In the bookstores surrounding the University was the first volume of an English scholar's new biography of Féderico García Lorca, Spain's electrifying modernist poet, who was shot by Fascists outside of his native Granada when he was not quite 38. It ends with Lorca at Columbia University in 1929-30 and the composition of perhaps his greatest single book of poetry, *Poeta En Nueva York*.

I was startled by Lorca's eternally fresh face on the back cover of the biography, by a massive *History of Spanish Violence*, by the tablets outside the churches listing those who had fallen *"Por Dios y España,"* by graffiti of fasces and the old Falange slogan "José Antonio, Presente!" Spain now was a parliamentary democracy, with a young Socialist prime minister who had grown up as a young rebel during the Franco years. Thanks to intelligent, democratic-minded, deeply concerned King Juan Carlos, Spanish democracy for ten years after Franco's death seemed secure despite terror raids from separatist Basque extremists. "Your Majesty," said my friend Leopoldo Castedo, a Republican veteran now back in Spain as an exile from Pinochet, "you are the truest Republican in Spain!" While I was there, a so-called general strike promoted largely by the remnant left of the Communist Party was largely unsuccessful.

But the Spanish Civil War of 1936-39 and its merging into Hitler's war was still more real and in truth more interesting to me than the stability of Spain in the 1980s. Spain is not my country; the Spanish Civil War, like what followed, was *my* war. In the course of it I lost friends, I lost hope that Hitler could be stopped before the Second World War, I lost whatever tolerance for communists was left in me after the Moscow purge trials. Nevertheless, the destroyers of the Spanish Republic would always be my enemies. I was outraged by the memorials to Spanish Fascism. My Spanish colleagues and friends smiled gravely at this. Since they and their families, the Spanish people, had borne the brunt of the war, they now seemed disposed to let well enough alone. Some wistfully expressed the hope that some day—ten years after Franco this had not yet arrived—official tributes would be raised to the Spanish Republic, the so-called "Loyalists."

It is embarrassing but necessary to admit that for someone who was 21 in 1936, who saw some of his dearest friends go off and die "for Spain," as we said in those days, the Civil War bulks larger than Spain itself and remains the wound that will not heal. In Paris, in the spring of 1945, moved to tears as I watched the Spanish Republican Maquisards put at the head of the Victory parade, I was quickly restored to reality by hearing the local concierges, in a group, cursing them.

The Republic was first of all a victim of the German and Italian fascists who inflicted the Second World War on humanity. The conflict of interests between the Spanish upper classes, the bulk of the Army and the Church, on the one hand, and on the other the "ordinary people" who in the first days of the rebellion rushed into the streets of Madrid and Barcelona to defend the Republic is something that no one who breathlessly followed the progress of the war from first to last can ever forget. As Wordsworth said of the first days of the French Revolution, "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young was very heaven." What Heinrich Heine called the "liberation war of humanity" seemed to be taking place right before our eyes. And to this the most militant writers of the period, some of them even the most lasting—Hemingway, Malraux, Orwell, Auden, Dos Passos, German and Italian exiles by the dozens—paid their homage in tones that still catch the exultancy of perhaps the last time in the 20th century when it was believed that democracy and revolution could resonantly join in the service of desperately needed, long-awaited social change.

We have the testimony of the American novelist Josephine Herbst, who was in Spain for much of the war, lived near Hemingway in Madrid's Hotel Florida, and no doubt little expected that her literary executor, Hilton Kramer, would turn out to be the hottest scourge of heresy on the left since Cotton Mather. Josie Herbst had her political sentimentalities, to put it mildly, and when the Spanish scholar José Robles, an interpreter for the Soviet Embassy in Valencia, was secretly shot for criticizing the Russian role in Spain, she was unable to tell what she knew to John Dos Passos, who was consumed with anxiety about his friend Robles. But in 1966, 27 years after remnants of the Republican army trudged into France guided by a gendarme, Herbst saw the documentary film of the war *To Die in Madrid*:

> They also showed scenes of the men in the line learning to write, which is one of my impressive memories for they were hard at it, in front line bunks, and showed me proudly their efforts.... They were ... proud of being able at last to write their names.
>
> ... The scenes from the Jarama and the Guadarrama where I had often gone were the real thing all right. The Guernica scenes—the farewell to the children—and at the end of it is the International Brigade going off with the population running alongside and the flowers, but then also the Spanish women and children hurrying over the mountains to escape Franco's revenge.
>
> ... Sitting in the lobby it came to me that in the most real sense my vital life did indeed end with Spain. Nothing so vital, either in my personal life or in the life of the world, has ever come again, and in a deep sense it has all been a shadow picture for years and years.... In Toulouse I knew ... that nothing was going to stop World War II. Nothing. And most of the time since then has been lived on the buried treasure of earlier years.... I suspect that the kind of dwindling I have come to feel is due to the lack of enough vital elements streaming in events and circumstances.

Alfred Kazin is the author most recently of *An American Procession*.

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As George Orwell was to confess at the end of *Homage to Catalonia*, after recounting his flight from Spain because he had fought with the anti-Stalinist POUM, the Party Of Marxist Unification, Spain was a political "disaster" that "I do not wish I had missed." Escaped to a French fishing village with his wife, "We thought, talked, dreamed, incessantly of Spain. . . . It sounds like lunacy, but the thing that both of us wanted was to be back in Spain. . . . Curiously enough the whole experience has left me with not less but more belief in the decency of human beings."

Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* has proved the most lasting account by a foreign writer who participated in the Spanish Civil War. The book was written before the war ended in early 1939, when Orwell, who had been wounded in the neck fighting for the POUM, fled Spain when the party was suppressed by the Madrid government at the instigation of the communists. But Orwell could never forget the first days of the popular revolution in Barcelona, when it was the Anarchists who inaugurated some changes in human relationships:

> . . . The aspect of Barcelona was something startling and overwhelming. It was the first time that I had ever been in a town where the working class was in the saddle. Practically every building of every size had been seized by the workers and was draped with red flags or with the red and black flags of the Anarchists; every wall was scrawled with the hammer and sickle and with the initials of the revolutionary parties; almost every church had been gutted and its images burnt. . . . Waiters and shop-walkers looked you in the face and treated you as an equal. Service and even ceremonial forms of speech had temporarily disappeared. . . . In outward appearance it was a town in which the wealthy classes had practically ceased to exist. . . . All this was queer and moving. There was much in it that I did not understand and, in some ways I did not even like it, but I recognized it immediately as a state of affairs worth fighting for.

Only George Orwell, shot through the throat, would have made a point of saying in *Homage to Catalonia*, "I ought to say in passing that all the time I was in Spain I saw very little fighting." Truth would always be Orwell's ace in the hole. He clearly made up his mind very early that his ability as a writer was his ability to absorb truth in the form of pain and give it back. The flamboyant André Malraux played a different role. He led a volunteer air squadron for the Republic, and because of his international reputation was a leading propagandist for the "Loyalist" side. I heard Malraux one night in New York. With me was a young woman staff writer for *Time* (she was practically the first), Richard Hofstadter's wife, Felice Swados; she was so overcome as Malraux recounted the suffering heroism of the Spanish Republicans in stabbing phrases that drove the agony of Spain like nails into our flesh that in a political rapture very familiar at the time she gave her first week's salary to "Spain."

That night at Mecca Temple on West 55th Street, Malraux told the great story soon to appear in his novel *L'Espoir* and in the film he made of the novel. One of the planes of his squadron had been brought down among mountain villages behind Loyalist lines. There were no roads down the mountain, only single paths. Single file, the entire populace followed the stretcher bearers as they brought the wounded aviators down the mountain. At each one of the villages through which they passed, the people were waiting; each village, when the wounded had passed, was emptied of its inhabitants. When those wounded in the face were carried past, the women and children began to cry. And, said Malraux, "when I raised my eyes, the file of peasants extended now from the heights of the mountain to its base; it was the grandest image of fraternity I have ever encountered."

So many Catholics, not least in America, were routine supporters of the "Nationalists" that the independent position of the profoundly Catholic French novelist Georges Bernanos needs to be remembered. Bernanos was for a long time harshly right-wing in his sympathies and close to the *Action Française*. But no one has more passionately represented scorn for the French bourgeoisie than Bernanos, who in political indignation exiled himself to Majorca. There he was caught up in the first days of the fascist terror; he was horrified by the nightly executions of Republicans and the support directly given these murders by priests. With tremendous bitterness he wrote the greatest single documentary we have by a foreign writer in Spain of the fascist campaign, abetted by the "respectable" middle class and by clerical allies, to exterminate all

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sympathizers with the Republic.

Les Grands Cimetières sous la lune (1938) is anything but a left-wing tract. Bernanos's admirer, the writer Simone Weil, who was in Spain briefly and ineffectually while still something of a Marxist, came out of the war convinced that it was just between Russia, Germany, and Italy. Her revulsion against atrocities committed by "our side" helped to put her on the path to the tormentedly brilliant, personal Christianity that made her famous after her death (largely self-induced) during World War II. She felt that Bernanos alone "has been immersed in the atmosphere of this war and could resist it." Bernanos himself was shocked to his soul by the ferocity of Franco's supporters in France, who were already saying "Better Hitler Than Blum," and he furiously attacked the Archbishop of Palma, who would not dissociate his clergy from many acts of terror and vengeance. Trying to persuade French middle-class conservatives that Franco and his Nazi-fascist allies had their own fanatical purposes, he wrote: "I have just seen the kind of revolution which is most dangerous for you, the kind to which you would say, with your usual reaction before certain things, 'there are things one does not do.' Well, the revolution I have seen does do them."

ERNEST Hemingway, at least in America, personified more than any other the passion so many foreign writers brought to "the greatest cause of our lives." Hemingway was actually as critical of the left as Bernanos was of the right. In Madrid's Hotel Florida he wrote a play set in the hotel, *The Fifth Column*, about an American counterespionage agent on the Loyalist side who gets the "horrors," as he tells his American girlfriend, about what he has to do in the name of working-class solidarity. The German communist Max, a sort of decent chap whose face was done in by the Nazis, is a great believer in historical inevitability and sighs heavily when Philip complains about the terrible things they have to do. "Do not be angry about something that is not you nor me," he tells Philip.

But being an American—after all!—Philip cannot entirely suppress conscience. *The Fifth Column* is a pseudo-play, sickeningly jaunty in tone, and when I reread it I thought of how Josephine Herbst used to moan about the smell of bacon and eggs coming down from Hemingway's quarters when everyone else was hungry all the time. But the emotional effect of Spain on a whole generation can still be grasped in the way Hemingway in his preface just lists certain names and events sacred to the cause: "The play was written in the fall and early winter of 1937 when we were expecting an offensive ... Brunete ... Leganés ... the folds of Garabitas hill ... the taking of Teruel ..."

And so on, to *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940), which eventually, thanks to the movie, was to sell more than 800,000 copies. Robert Jordan (what other name would he have?), a young professor from Montana, is in Spain because he has "a feeling of consecration to a duty toward all the oppressed of the world." But feeling increasingly weakened as the defeat of the great cause obviously draws near, abandoning for himself all hope for the oppressed, he finds that he can live "as full a life in seventy hours as in seventy years," and dies at the end in one big self-sacrificial action.

But no one now reading *For Whom the Bell Tolls* can miss Hemingway's hatred of the French Communist leader André Marty, or the scene in which "El Sordo" and a handful take on the enemy, dying one by one, but not without bitter cracks about the fact that the son of the famous Communist leader La Pasionária was in Russia safely away from the fighting. Stirring as the book often is, it says nothing about the betrayal and defeat of the Republic by so many countries and parties antagonistic to each other. The wound that will not heal—the wound with which the victory of fascism and the unleashing of World War II desolated the rest of the century—also signifies the wound inflicted on the Republic by forces that claimed to be defending it.

I CANNOT leave the heartbreaking subject without recalling that Orwell's experiences in Spain led to *1984*. Hemingway was such a cock of the walk in Madrid that he evaded John Dos Passos and even lied to him when "Dos" sought information about his missing friend José Robles. Dos Passos was so embittered that he turned all the way right and ended—not to the benefit of his future work—as an ally of Franco supporters such as William F. Buckley Jr. The Republic could not withstand the onslaught of Hitlerism, fascism, and the Church. But it was also wrecked from within, partly by the insistence of the disorganized Anarchist militia on "mass spontaneity" and their contempt for discipline, very greatly by the political terror against anti-Stalinist forces on the left. Dr. Juan Negrín López, the last prime minister, nominally a socialist, enforced the terror for fear that Russia would abandon Spain. Which it did, and not before extracting payment in gold for everything it gave Republican Spain. The Soviet ambassador Marcel Rosenberg and his entourage went home only to perish in Stalin's purges.

The legitimate, democratically elected Republic of Spain was deserted and betrayed not only by Stalin but also by Tory England, Socialist France under Leon Blum, America under FDR. Spain, as one cannot say too often, encouraged Hitler to start *his* war. Which, as many of us knew even before September 1, 1939, made and will forever keep "Spain" our cause. Nothing in our time of right-wing opportunism will ever convince me that Ronald Reagan knew what he was talking about when he told some American veterans of the Civil War, "you fought on the wrong side." □

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

loving them despite their afflictions.

Love, not venom, is at the heart of great comedy. SNL's impact is doomed to fade because its principals completely missed that point.

PHILIP B. TAFT JR.
Pennington, New Jersey

FIRE TRUCK FOR MZUZU

To the editors:

Mzuzu needs a fire truck!

This community of 34,000 in northern Malawi has no fire fighting equipment except one unit dedicated to its commercial airport. When I lectured there last month and discovered this need, it occurred to me that somewhere in America there must be a used fire truck or two that the owners might be willing to give to Mzuzu.

I am counting on the certainty that one or more readers of THE NEW REPUBLIC know where, or know someone who knows where, an old pumper and an old tanker could be hiding, trucks that could become the polished-proud possession of a poor but growing African town that has just been given "city" status.

Anyone with information may contact Louis Ingram, Box 6148, Alexandria, Virginia 22306. The help will be appreciated.

LOUIS WILSON INGRAM JR.
Alexandria, Virginia

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Apartaid

THERE'S AN EXTRAORDINARY spectacle in Washington this stinking summer. Reaganism is borrowing a page from communism. The occasion is South Africa. In Ronald Reagan's speech of July 22 and in George Will's column of July 31, an analysis of the South African situation was presented that conforms uncannily to the communist idea of the relationship of politics to economics. Reading these documents about Washington and Johannesburg, I was put in mind of Zurich and Moscow: of the Iskrists versus the Economists, of the Bolsheviks versus the Mensheviks, of "Soviet power plus electrification," of Trotsky and Preobrazhensky, of Stalin's industrialization as a "revolution from above." I was reminded (mutating the mutanda, as a friend of mine says) of the eschatological role of the economy in communist theory and practice. If there is anything that communism stands for, apart from the worship of power, it is this: that economic rights precede political rights. Industry and prosperity come before equality and democracy. More, industry and prosperity create equality and democracy.

CUT TO THE PRESIDENT'S podium and the *Washington Post*'s op-ed page. "South Africa is the nation where the industrial revolution came first to Africa; its economy is a mighty engine that could pull Southern Africa into a prosperous future," the president insisted. "Its strong and developed economy should not be crippled." Reagan agreed with Mrs. Thatcher, therefore, that sanctions are "immoral" and "utterly repugnant." (If sanctions are immoral and utterly repugnant, what is apartheid?) Similarly, Will instructed his readers that "the social and cultural as well as economic dynamism that accompanies capitalism is the surest solvent of superstitions and irrationalities like apartheid. So South Africa needs more of what sanctions would diminish. It needs foreign capital operating under rules of racial justice. . . ." The political problem of South Africa, then, has an economic solution. For the Reaganite mind, the most archaic tyranny of the modern world will crumble before . . . money.

HERE WE HAVE THE theology of capitalism at its cruelest. I refer not only to the sanctifications of commerce that attended the Reagan instauration six long years ago. An older strain of American political culture is present in our tortured policy toward the blacks of South Africa: not racism, but (to borrow the old Marxist word) economism. For there is indeed such a thing as American economism. It differs from its Marxist counterpart in that its engine of the end of days is not socialism, but capitalism; but in its conception of the causal relationship of economics to politics, and of the saving consequences of that relationship, it differs not at all. And the ideas of the robber barons have become the ideas of the blabber barons. Conservatives make careers out of the conviction that there is an essential link between capitalism and democracy. Now the conviction has been lodged at the heart, or the lack of one, of our South African policy.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS. First, many of the social achievements of the modern industrial nations have been owed not to capitalism, but to restraints imposed upon capitalism. Second, while it may be true that there cannot be democracy without capitalism, it is certainly true that there can be capitalism without democracy. National Socialism might have been called National Capitalism. More to the point, there was a boom in South Africa in the 1960s and 1970s. It did not amend the system of racial helotry; indeed, some of the system's foulest features were developed in those years. There is democratic capitalism and there is undemocratic capitalism. What matters is not the economic system, but the political direction given to it. Third, contrary to economism everywhere, politics cannot be reduced. Power and justice are not shadows of other things. Sanctions or no sanctions, South Africa is a political problem, not an economic problem. The white rulers of South Africa are determined to maintain their monopoly of power. Their determination has no economic condition. If South Africa prospers, they will be rich rulers. If South Africa does not prosper, they will be poor rulers. But rulers they will remain, barring a great force. And the same may be said of the blacks they rule. If there is food, they will be fed fighters for freedom. If there is no food, they will be hungry fighters for freedom. History has shown how much the oppressors and the oppressed will do without in their struggle with each other.

AT LEAST RONALD REAGAN had the courtesy to appear to understand the argument for sanctions and the anger at apartheid. Not George Will. He railed against "right-mindedness," against "the belief that morality consists of voicing certain sentiments," against "moralists at a safe distance." Well, as we say in Brooklyn, it takes one to know one. No doubt there are some in the anti-apartheid camp who are striking poses and seeking purity. But Will's canard about "political hygienists" worried about "clean hands" is common in town. So let us be clear. Telling the truth about tyranny is not an exercise in "political hygiene" for an individual or a government. It is an exercise of a fundamental duty. Faced with evil, we have a duty to denounce it. This duty is not affected by the availability of instruments of pressure, or by their absence. We can do nothing to change the communist system of many countries, but we attack them all the time anyway. We do not attack them because words have consequences, though we hope they do. We attack them because words have meaning.

WILL SAYS THAT "obviously" America is not pro-apartheid, because we've said so. Well, yes, we have. But how many times in how many places? And with how much feeling? In the fight against totalitarian lies, as Will well knows, the obvious must be repeated again and again: *ad nauseum* is *ad gloriam*. But, alas, the administration's position on apartheid is not "obvious" at all. Nor is Will's. Of course they are not pro-apartheid. Still, they are awfully anti-anti-apartheid. Will speaks of black misery almost always as an argument against American action. He is another and, if, and but man. These ands, ifs, and buts are the hypocrisy of the right. They help to keep the Afrikaners in the dark, to ensure that they will not see the storm that is coming except by the light of the lightning that strikes them.

L.W.

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...great revolutions..." *"We know lots of revolutions, great revolutions, and magnificent people, who after taking over power, produced systems that were much worse than the ones they destroyed. We don't want to make this mistake. We will not."*

--Polish Solidarity leader Lech Walesa in a "Morning Edition" interview in Gdansk, Poland, with National Public Radio's European correspondent Neal Conan.

"I never share blame, I never share credit, and I never share desserts. It's just not my style."

--Beverly Sills, New York City Opera general director, in an interview on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition."

"Drunk they (the Russians) defeated Napoleon. Drunk they beat Hitler. Drunk they could win against NATO."

--Edward Luttwak, defense analyst and author of "The Pentagon and the Art of War," talking with National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" host Bob Edwards about Soviet military strength.

"We are so different, and yet, we are all one." *"I've never seen so many women, of so many different ages, colors, sizes and shapes, and I think it's amazing. We are so different, and yet, we are all one."*

--A delegate to the United Nations' World Conference on Women, talking with National Public Radio's "All Things Considered" co-host Susan Stamberg in Nairobi, Kenya.

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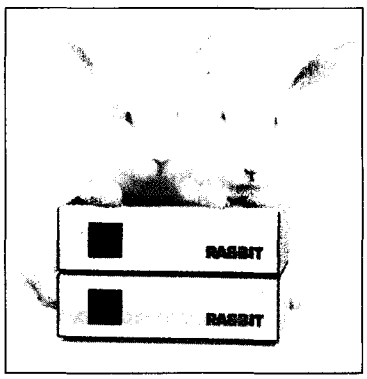

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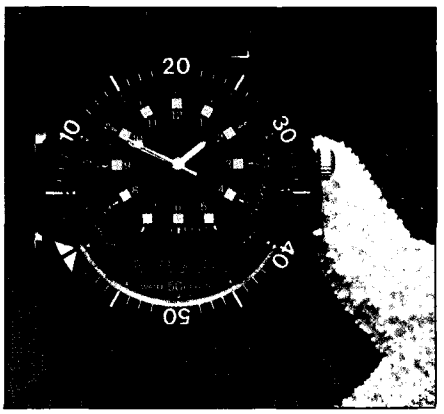

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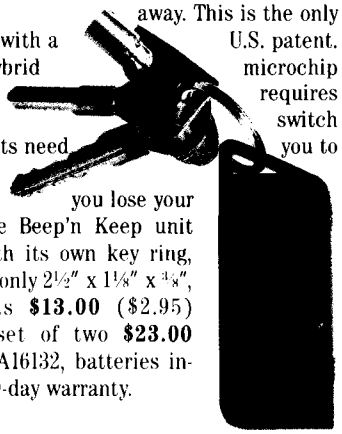

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